

# WINDAGE

Number 8

Summer,  
1966



*"Old Maidism" is quite often the result of excessive fear,  
which, thru the years, may become an obsessive hatred, which  
has been known, on occasion, to last until death."  
(And after that?.....)*





# MIRAGE 8

"THE AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY"  
since 1960

Cover by David Prosser

Over the Edge: The Viet-Nam Syndrome.....	2
The White Wale's Race.....Ray Trevino.....	6
Clark Ashton Smith: A Chronology.....Donald Fryer.....	13
Sea Nymph.....Laurence R. Griffin.....	25
Avon Fantasy Reader: A Checklist.....George F. Ralston..	29
Some Backgrounds of Fairyland... ...H.P. Lovecraft.....	34
Books: Quinn, REH, & an Index.....	42
Hindsight!.....Fryer, Gold, & Price.....	44
Poems by Gerald W. Page, George F. Ralston, and H.S. Weatherby, 11, 12, 28, 39, 40-41. A NOTE TO ALL READERS, p. 41.	

MIRAGE 8, "The Amateur Magazine of Fantasy," is published irregularly by Mirage Publications, Jack L. Chalker, editor. Editorial address: 5111 Liberty Heights Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 21207, USA. In the United Kingdom, subscriptions to: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts, England. Subscriptions: 3 issues, \$1.00; 3 issues, 7/6d. The entire contents of this issue copyright © 1966 by Jack L. Chalker. All rights are reserved, including those of recording and translation, in the U.S., U.K., & Universal Copyright Convention nations. All submissions to MIRAGE are given prompt attention, although no responsibility is assumed for the manuscript by the editor or publishers. Every care will be accorded the manuscript while it is in our hands. Return postage is not required but will expedite matters if included. The editor and publishers of MIRAGE assume no responsibility for the views of the contributors, which may or may not coincide with their own, but only for statements made in editorials, editorial commentary, and replies to letters. The views expressed by others are not necessarily those of the editor and publisher, who wish to present a balanced issue.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
June, 1966

# Over The Edge:

## THE VIET-NAM SYNDROME

It was estimated by an expert in national education recently that, based on a great many independent polls, less than 12% of the U.S. is even partially informed on foreign affairs. Less than half of us can name both our senators -- even fewer our congressmen. However, everyone has got an opinion, informed or not, on Viet-Nam:

.....  
The United States, as of this writing, is at war. It is at war with an idea, a system, which poses a threat to it physically. In order to guard our defense perimeters, we must often get into things in places where we have no real business.

In short, it's better to be fighting in Viet-Nam, where we have no stake, than to be fighting in Thailand, where we have our extensive Chinese probes plus economic interests, and Formosa, base for our Chinese spy network, saith Lyndon Machiavelli.

All this, of course, does not exactly endear us to the Viet-Namense. In making excuses, though, I wish the State Department would use something other than "Keeping the world safe for Democracy." It didn't work very well the last time it was used.

Basically, we have in office Theodore Roosevelt's policies superimposed upon Woodrow Wilson's idealism and FDR's economic reforms. FDR was a great president up through 1940; after that he was outclassed -- he was as much a boob in foreign policy as he was a genius at domestic reform. At least, though, he didn't play Teddy's gunboat diplomacy. Lyndon is doing both -- and he's as bad as foreign policy as Wilson and FDR.

When you are outclassed diplomatically by the opposition, the only recourse is force.

Viet-Nam has been in a continual state of war for over 40 years. The people, then, are a bit sick of it -- understandably so. They also have no tradition of, nor concept of, the republican system of government. What little they have had in the way of republican experience is the French style -- which isn't really very republican at all. It is a tradition of warlordism -- whether it be Ho Chi Minh or DeGaulle.

Ho is particularly interesting. He had the same people to work with, a powerful and hated nation to his north (China), and no allies in sight (Russia is a thousand miles away). Yet out of that chaos he imposed a system of government that worked, and worked well. His major problem from the Communist standpoint is also his greatest political asset: he is too much of a nationalist to be a good internationalist. Now he, and the North Vietnamese, are obsessed with Manifest Destiny -- you can also see it in Korea and Germany. Vietnam must be reunited, and under a workable system.

Partisans in the South who agree -- and there's a great number -- sought material support, got it, and started a revolution. These today are the Viet Cong.

The U.S. must protect its supply routes to Thailand, and must also keep from encouraging Red rebel groups in even more vital areas (the Huks in the Philippines, for example). Our defense line in Asia is all too thin as well, but is necessary to prevent any repetition of Pearl Harbor with big bombs. So, we have to back the Ky regime, a government fully as ruthless and absolute as the Ho regime in the North.

The U.S. is right in making a stand. It is tragic that it is at the cost of the Vietnamese, particularly since, from a purely objective standpoint, the reunification of Viet-Nam under the Ho regime would be the best thing that could ever happen to the country. So, really, the Viet Cong are right, too.

Is there any way out of the mess? Yes, a treaty that would guarantee the 1954 Geneva accords. It is quite likely that Ho would win such a vote, which would be nice, from the Vietnamese viewpoint. At the same time the U.S. would be able to pull out without losing or serious encouragement of the Reds.

Lest we forget, the Chinese now, as they have for centuries, believe Vietnam to be Chinese property by right, and the Vietnamese are an inferior race. Remember Tibet? They were inferiors -- and genocide was the result.

Ho knows this. There are no Chinese divisions on Vietnamese soil. Any attempt against Vietnam by China would automatically provoke UN retaliation -- with Russia, as Ho's strongest friend, joining in.

Basically, then, we get an Oriental Tito -- and the U.S. gets along fine with Yugoslavia.

The problem: to get the VC to make much a written treaty. We refused to sign the '54 accords (inexcusable) and they justly feel they have no guarantees that the treaty would mean anything. So we go on fighting, and senseless deaths on all sides continue.

It's the tragedy of the times -- and it will be repeated, I fear, again and again. Nuclear weapons did not stop war; they merely modified it.

In the U.S. itself, however, a danger much greater than any in Asia has cropped up. This is a phenomena I must call the "Viet-Nam Syndrome." It is a psychological state of mind.

Viet Nam is not a popular war. Korea was unpopular but Vietnam has the unpopularity poll by a country mile. A new spirit has arisen, based on and arising from the increased struggle for civil rights and the horrors of war itself. This spirit is a basic humanitarianism, which is capturing many young people.

Viet Nam, then, must be made popular. The only way to do this is to propagandize, and the U.S. is doing it. It is reaching the young.

Barry Sadler's name is on everyone's lips. Yesterday I noticed in a toystore window "KIDS! HERE IT IS! THE GREEN BERET! ELASTIC HEADBAND FITS ALL SIZES." Sadler now has his second million seller; his album is still selling gigantically. His songs are a melodic glorification of brushfire warfare.

Frankie Lane's new song is about Johnny, the soldier in Viet-Nam who wrote a letter to his girl and has to mail it by 4 P.M.

Before the record's over he manages to kill about 100 VC -- those dirty, nasty things who'd keep a fellow from contact with his sweetheart -- in order to mail that letter. I will never forgive Frankie for it.

Bob Dylan (and when was he in the service?) has some of the most sickening pro-war songs I've heard.

One lone counter, The Universal Soldier, was yanked off the radio stations in many areas of the U.S.

Rep. Olin Teague (D., Texas) has introduced a constitutional ammendment to make what amounts to any criticism of administration policy illegal. His ammendment, in effect, repeals the Bill of Rights.

The right to protest by peaceful assembly is a right dear to all Americans. But better have a discharge to do it -- otherwise, warn many selective service chiefs, you'll be drafted. This draft can be legally and successfully appealed -- but only after you've paid a lawyer's fees. And then they get you the next month -- and you prove it was because of that demonstration!

A group marching against Viet-Nam in New York City was set upon and beaten by -- thugs? Gangs? Nope, regular citizens. Several picked on cripples, and one blind fellow was badly mauled.

In Massachusetts a VFW officer is thrown out of the group because he said we shouldn't be in Viet Nam. I wonder what those veterans thought they were fighting for when it was their turn?

In the United States the Bill of Rights guarantees us things that are dreams to most other countries. Despite taxes, bureaucracies, and, yes, selective service, this country is one of the freest in the world and in history.

In 1620-1680 our forebears founded this new colony for certain rights. In 1775-83 Britain tried to take away the privileges -- and men fought and died for them.

Freedom -- even a relative one -- is our most precious possession. Freedom does not mean the freedom to agree only with what the Great White Father said; freedom of that kind can be found in every nation on the globe. This freedom means the freedom to believe any way you wish -- and to actively promote those beliefs.

It is more precious than life itself. Thousands have died to prove it.

The U.S. must also remain free from without -- if it means fighting a dirty diversionary war at the expense of a poor nation, then the government will do it. It mayn't be right to be in Viet-Nam -- but if the people don't like it, vote for the folks who want us out. It works, you know. It has in the past. But whether or not you agree that what the government's doing in the world, you have the right to dissent -- and you pay for that right by fighting for the government in power. It's expensive pay -- but refuse to pay it and you're now guilty of grand theft -- using the freedom others are purchasing with their labor and, perhaps, with their lives, while not paying a cent yourself.

But stand up in a crowd and say, "You've got no right to say get out of Vietnam! Get the dirty Red!" You have committed a crime, too -- two, in fact. (1) You have committed the giant-sized theft of all times -- you've stolen somebody's freedom. (2) You

have committed treason, since you, by your demand to silence the other fellow's views, are advocating the overthrow of the Constitution. For the "Get the dirty Red!" exhortation, you're advocating that overthrow by force and violence.

The thugs who beat up the peace marchers in New York are traitors.

As someone who will very shortly be in the service myself, I have not taken the easy way out. I would loathe it to go to Viet Nam; I would be sick to have to fight there. But I'd do it. I'm willing to pay the government for goods received.

# # # # #

I have been very mad, lately, at a lot of people arguing the case for Viet-Nam passionately. Personally, I think anyone who has such strong beliefs about such a dubious premise should be willing to put his money where his mouth is. But most of these loudmouths are 1-Y or 4-F. They don't have to go. "It's a grand and glorious fight for the rights of man -- but you go, buddy. You die for it. I'm staying here."

There is only one man in my experience who's put his money where his mouth is. Richard Eney (FANCYCLOPEDIA II, WSFA, etc.) feels very strongly that Viet-Nam is a noble struggle for good against horrible North Asian evil. He doesn't qualify to fight, but he works for the government, and at first chance took an A.I.D. position in Viet-Nam, where he is for the next year.

To a man who has the true courage of his sincere convictions, this issue is dedicated to Dick Eney.

# # # # #

MIRAGE 8 is, curiously enough, the first MIRAGE to be not only edited and published but also printed by me.

This may explain things a bit.

As difficult as it may be to imagine, though, I actually publish a 4-8 page biweekly, and have for a year now, without ever missing an issue. It's Tenth Fandom, of course -- Diplomania. It's called BARAD-DUR, and if you'd like it they're 10/\$1.00.

THE INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FANTASY PUBLISHERS is also out in paperback; from your dealer or us for \$5.00 (or if you catch Mark Owings or myself in person at a convention, \$4.00). This giant biblio, the largest thing I've ever done, is a complete listing of every specialty publisher in the business -- Arkham, Gnome, Shasta, etc. -- for a total of over 35; then each book they published in chronological order. Then all information on the book -- date, contents, # of copies, illustrator, even variant jackets. A valuable reference tool -- and the hardback (50 copies only) will be out for the Worldcon, we hope. Hardback will be \$7.95 on publication only, and only from us -- no dealers.

# # # # #

IF YOU MOVE, BUT DON'T SEND US YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, WE WILL (IF NEW ADDRESS IS KNOWN) DEDUCT 1 FROM YOUR SUBSCRIPTION. NON-SUBSCRIBERS WILL HAVE THEIR NAMES STRICKEN FROM THE RECORDS. ALL OTHER FOLKS WILL HAVE THEIR SUBS CANCELLED AND MONEY FORFEIT. DON'T FORGET -- SEND MIRAGE YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS WHEN YOU MOVE!

# THE WHITE WHALE'S RACE

ray trevino

THE WINDS WERE FILLING THE KOBROGAN SHIP'S SAILS as Vallis rode furiously onto the dock amidst swirling cape and upheld blade. "Another sword for your venture, Corvaness! Let me journey with you!" he called.

The captain of the departing ship looked at the dark-haired stranger on the prancing stallion. "If you can make it, rogue, come aboard!" he called back.

Vallis' shadow danced on the waters as he leaped to the ship. Once aboard, he confronted the tall captain. "I have heard of your quest, Corvaness, and strange as it may be, I need to escape the land for a while. Perhaps I may elude them." A shudder ran through his solidly built body.

Corvaness looked at the ebony-eyed, proud-headed latecomer speculatively. What in the Ten Lands could make one such as he tremble with fear? Well, no matter; he had few enough men for this mad venture, one more would always be welcome. "You know what I seek?" he asked.

"Aye. You're after whoever sank the Sea Cloud and your daughter."

"All right, go below and wait. Perhaps it may be that you can be of use to me."

The Sea Dragon sailed out of the bay with the fierce sun reflecting off her polished shields with a myriad golden pinpoints. A few clouds paced the ship, driven by a steady wind.

"I say we're on a fool's mission," growled a swarthy warrior with rings in his ears, talking to Vallis. "We're hunting spirits of the ocean, ghosts of the sea. Only ill luck and death will come of this...."

"Why did you sign on, then?" spoke up a tall, gangling youth.

"Because, Ortec, there are certain elements in Sendormir that would delight in seeing my handsome face adorning the courtyard of Imvell, may be rot in eternity! Also," he added, waving a giant arm, "where else could one go to sea for so much pay? The loss of Corvaness' daughter may have addled his brains, but his gold is still good."

"You were not there," whispered Ortec, madness shining in his eyes. "You did not see, you did not feel!" His hand caressed his axe.

"I have heard much of the Isle of Tamlic," interrupted Vallis, "but not enough. Tell me what you know, youth."



"It is an accursed island," hissed Ortec, fists clenched and veins standing out with suppressed emotions. "A place where searching ghosts roam; where ghouls await the dead, and beasts from dark god's nightmares, the living. An island where unknown things crawl, and the sea itself spawns monsters to prey on men and ships!"

"Fools tales!" taunted the ear-ringed one. "Stories to frighten spineless land dwellers!" He laughed.

"I was with the Sea Cloud. You weren't." The laugh died as Ortec walked away. Across his bare back was a whitish, diagonal scar -- as if made by a thick rope lashed with great ferocity, or a tentacle squeezed tightly....

The sun sparkled the ocean with molten gold and the moon sequined the sea with frozen silver as the Sea Dragon sped on; the days and nights flowed into the waters of time as the ill-fated ship drew nearer the Isle of Tamlic.

After much time the small island, like a moldy, gangrenous scab on scummy, weed-choked waters, became visible. The Graveyard of Forgotten Souls; the place deserted by the gods aeons ere they left the world; these and other tales permeated the ship. Some spoke of turning back, but Corvaness was adamant; the Hell creatures would pay dearly for the destruction of his ship and the abduction of his daughter!

The slim ship anchored in a bay half choked with sea weeds, sickly hued ocean plants, and rotting, rustling debris. Inland, a torpid, heavy jungle waited. Brightly plumed birds flitted from tree to tree, screaming with raucous voices. Chattering monkeys swung from vines and lianas, adding to the cacaphony. Huge serpents could be glimpsed slithering among the riotous vegetation. Crimson blossoms waved above splashes of purple growths. Once, an anthropoid stalked along the shore, waving shaggy arms and uttering inarticulate roars; it disappeared, howling in what might have been anticipation.

"We now wait until something happens, eh Ortec?" The two men were enjoying the sun and sharpening their weapons: through the ship men slept, gambled, or quarreled; they were getting edgy and nervous. The sounds that drifted to them from the festering jungle at night were driving some men to the edge of sanity. And underneath the ship, the scummy waters frothed in growing turbulence.

"That is right," the other replied. "Until something pounces on us from the sea and drags us down. Then we fight."

"Yaaaaa...!" A man was lifted, screaming, by a huge tentacle the color of pale sky at dawn. Men scrambled and reached for weapons in a whirl of pandamonium. Three more of the ropes of Hell entwined themselves on the ship; more kept coming as the first were chopped off by swords and axes or punctured with arrows. The screamer still dangled in the air, kicking convulsively; a blossom of death on a great stalk of terror.

The tentacles were now more numerous, the waters a halcyonic, bubbling mass. The ship jerked a foot deeper into the swirling waters; men jumped in, and were instantly dragged under; more men were lifted up and out, their screams piercing the growing clamor. On the shore and in the jungle unknown beasts barked and howled.

A bulkhead was battered in with a splintering crash and the

ship sank lower, ever lower in the water.

The waters poured in, and a leathery rope wrapped around Vallis' chest -- the screams of the dying and the chorus of beasts from the jungle dimmed -- the waters flooded over his head, and a tentacled cloud constricted the consciousness from his brain.

The rock beneath him was wet and slimy; the air was fetid with decay and corruption. The lighting was dim and imbued with a green, translucent tinge with darkness lurking around its periphery. The cavern was large, with bodies littered along its length.

His legs were in the water until he moved his sore, aching body forward with a groan. Along the bank movement rippled as the half-drowned survivors revived.

A spear of brightness appeared in the gloom beyond the emerald glow, and moved to the edge of the black waves that lapped the cave, until its wielders could be seen. Vallis gasped. Amphibious; batrachian; monstrous.

The scaled ones lifted and removed men from the beach, stacking them to one side. The living pulled themselves and staggered into a huddle while things at their grisly task cast enigmatic glances at them. Vallis located Ortec, half unconscious but still among the living.

They were prodded to their feet with pronged spears held by webbed green hands. Nictating membranes hid cold eyes. Nostril flaps pulsated in and out with cadence as the things breathed; ribbed, extended ears set low on straight sided skulls twitched in impatience as they looked at the prisoners.

The motley horde was marched into darkness. Emerald stars scintillated and seemed to nova as the luminiscence the webbed ones held touched the walls, floor, or low roof. Water constantly dripped down, forming sulphurous riverlets on the floor. The gloom and darkness followed them as they marched, and it seemed time was lost. Occasionally the dark tunnels branched; through all was the smell of decay and polluted seawater.

Everywhere in the dark slitherings and splashing plops could be heard; a few times large bodies dragged themselves into the deep.

They finally entered an echoing chamber with a bright glow at its center. Twinkling radiance and flickering points of multicolored lights were dancing in the air, incongruous in this gloomy undersea place. Clusters of tiny lights in the air gave off tinkling sounds. Flashing ruby, sparkling amethyst, sequined gold...they ran the gamut of the spectrum and back like the instrument of an ethereal goddess. The swarms held hundreds of polychromatic star-points. They threw a rainbow mantle on an ebonic throne. And on the throne-- the Woman.

A gown of spun ivory flowed over a body that threw out a web of sorcling beauty. A scarlet symbol, a tentacled sea-thing, caressed her left breast.

Her eyes were veiled with mystery, changing from seawater to gold flock darkness and back again. A million tiny lights played over her perfect face. Carmine lips and dark lashes that matched long, midnight hair completed the sight that met Vallis' eyes. But beneath that magnificent facade could be sensed something evil; something of dead gods, knowing not love or life.

The stab of a spear and a guttural command drew him out of

his reverie. Once again he was forced down on slimy, lichen-carpeted rock, his body a mass of aches and pains. His sword was gone but he still had his dagger; there was hope yet.

She spoke in language devised of enchantment and sorcery; it was the frogman's guttural tongue, incongruous from those lips. At that the captives were led away from the cavern of dancing lights into a large corridor, then into a smaller tributary tunnel. It ended in an antechambered dark hole into which they were forced. A large boulder was thrust into the entrance, while five guards were posted in the outer room.

"Ortec!" Vallis shouted, his voice echoing eerily. "Where are you?"

"Here." A strong hand grasped Vallis'. "Now what?"

"I have to get out -- to see Her. By the Ruins of Vuundin, what is a woman like that doing down here?"

"Tamlic the Accursed!" spat Ortec. "Have you not heard of Her? A terrible price is payed for that vaunted beauty; a price that would have your body a mindless hulk. You don't know what you are saying!"

"Accursed? Her? Never! I must see Her!" It was his only thought; nor was he alone. All save Ortec seemed under her enchantment.

Three times dirty chunks of raw meat were tossed in, but they went hungry rather than eat of it. Finally, "Ortec," called Vallis. "Let us climb up and see if there's a way out."

"Done."

They went over the walls by touch until a fissure was found. Then they climbed. Less than a ship's mast's high they came upon a crevice in the wall, which they entered. They were looking down at the guards in the dim light; they were only a few feet below the two men's heads.

"I will take the one standing on the right; you take the other. The ones sitting we will take next, and the sleeper last," whispered Vallis. "Now!"

They jumped and drove home their daggers with all their strength. The blades tore bloodily through scaled skin deep into organs, and the two creatures collapsed without sound and lay oozing green ichor. Vallis grabbed up one of the fallen's spear and turned to face the other two. A quick thrust at the one nearest, and an upward twist, and the thing fell with a gurgle. Ortec had similar luck with his first, was now struggling with the second.

The sleeper suddenly jumped and clawed at Vallis' throat, while claws penetrated the skin. The strength seemed to be going out of Vallis' body; a clammy fog was invading his head, and the darkness was growing greater. He could not shake off the claws at his neck.

Air rushed into his lungs as his tormentor spasmed upwards, a sharp spear in his back.

Ortec hauled him up. "Close, comrade, but we still live." Both men were bleeding from claw-trails; the tall youth had lacerations along his right side and was thoroughly crimson. "I'm all right," he said, answering Vallis' glance. "Let's get the rest out before someone comes to investigate."

They started cautiously up the gloomy tunnel, Vallis leading; Captain Corvaness had long sense joined his lost daughter and



ships in fathoms of death. The short journey came to an end as the hordo of freed men stood at the threshold of the glittering cavern.

The sight of thousands of the cavern dwellors astounded them. Above, the hives of shimmering varicolored sparks were throbbing crazily, their tinkling as of a mad xylophone resounding through the cavern in a wild melody, intensified by the echoes.

Their attention was focused on an onyx altar with gold veins on which Tamlic now reposed in all her splendid perfection. The chiming stars gathered around her, pulsating with abandon; shifting and flickering, sundering the air with soaring ecstasy.

One alabaster arm rose and pointed. The largest cluster lifted with a wild clashing and soared to a small group of dazed captives.

A scream cut through the chiming, piercing the cave with terror and agony as the swarm settled over one of the men. Partially obscured by the dancing points of light, the man was lifted until he was over Tamlic's body; lowered until both were enveloped in a tight chrysalis of pulsing diamonds: multi-hued jewels that were increasing in intensity and movement, while eight smaller ones circled the altar in a frenzy of wild colors.

The frog-things chanted, stamped on the rock below, making the cavern resound with a combination of sounds from some black universe. The galaxy around the two bodies on that altar of night decreased in tempo. The octagon of attendant satellites rose and waited, while the cavern slowly quieted. The aftermath of silence seemed the most unnatural of all.

Vallis was sickened with disgust and shaken with a fury compounded of rage and disappointment. Perhaps a finer, more subtle emotion was concerned, but he thrust all such thoughts into the unreachable part of his mind.

Suddenly the scaled monsters were coming from everywhere; yelling, brandishing spears, trying to surround the escapees. All turned to a mele of slaughter. Fighting side-by-side, Vallis and Ortec were forced to a dripping wall, where they erected a semicircle of dead frogmen.

"Climb, Ortec! Climb! I'll hold them back!" A slight ledge a jump's hold away offered a dubious sanctuary; as Vallis spitted a batrachian and reached for another lance, Ortec leaped, scrambled, and pulled himself up. For a second, his grip slipped on the lichenous rock, but he recovered.

"My hand, Vallis!" Vallis lunged with his spear and jumped; a claw grabbed at his leg but let loose when he kicked, and then he was with Ortec. Webbed hands hooked over the ledge. Running into darkness and silence they began their long hegira.

Hours, it seemed, passed. Vallis wondered as he fled if the tunnels really had an end. There was no end in this Hell; they'd stopped once, and a monstrous thing had slithered over a nearby rock, forcing them to resume their flight.

On and on...a chasm, filled with weirdly colored weeds to one side. On...stalked through the encrusted ruins of a city or citadel submerged by some cataclysm long before.

"We can go no further, Vallis," rasped Ortec. "I would rather die in combat than eke out a life here. Never to see Helios! No, better I die in battle here!"

The sounds of the scaled ones following them could be heard, not far off. This was the end. Below them was the slapping water, glowing with floating plants. The ceiling and walls emitted a cold sepulchral light. Three of the frog-things stood at the end of their plateau.

"No!" Vallis said. "I will not give them the satisfaction of slaying me. The sea can have me first!"

"Let it be so, brother in combat!"

Now there was a small group of the saled ones, coming cautiously nearer.

"Now!" Two spears sped through the air, imbedding themselves in two of the creatures; they slumped to the ground as Vallis and Ortec leaped out and dove into the shining waters.

It seemed that he'd been in the water forever. His lungs were close to bursting; his head was aching. He could not hold out much longer. Vallis opened his eyes and looked up. Light! Green, filtered light -- but light! Marshalling all of his remaining strength he pulled himself toward it.

He broke water coughing and racking out what remained of his life, but he faced the sun joyously. Ortec's head popped into view, in slightly better condition.

"Look!" he cried. Vallis turned, and laughed. A Sendormiran merchant ship was bearing down on them. They had been seen!

What a tale they'd have to add to the legends of Tamlic!

He looked thankfully to the sky and waited for rescue.

...RAY TREVINO...

### THE SOLITUDES

By light they clutch the dank and dark and mourn  
The night: a shifting whisper on the breeze  
That haunts the sun-bright slopes and stone hem'd  
fields

Below the brooding wood which mounts the hills.  
The taunting, tangled trails forbid a path  
Which one can walk at ease: at every hand  
The growing shadows shroud more than they seem  
And none regains the fields with quiet mind  
Or scorns the silent fears of those that dwell  
Forlorn upon these age-dark, restless hills.

...George F. Ralston

### I MET HIM ON THE GIBBET HILL

I met him on the gibbet hill,  
(The winds bear up the night-bell's toll)  
I took my road, yet he's there still  
(What darker winds bear down his soul?)

...GEORGE F. RALSTON

A: GROUP OF POEMS  
by Gerald W. Page

IN MEMORIAM: CLARK ASHTON SMITH

His was a kingdom ruled by Hermes, chancelored by Bachus,  
Where idols to those grinning blights  
Of slaving, senile gods of twilight ages stood to mock  
The comic sinning of their acolytes.

His was a ship asail upon a silver sea to chart  
Unnavigated courses to  
The lands of sandalwood and shadow and ebon temples.  
Charon was Captain of his crew.

His were the words of Al-Hazred, the imagery of  
The Necronomicon. The songs  
He sang were songs that daemons might have sung, or Valkyry:  
Of hapless deeds and comic wrongs.

His ship lies wreckage on a phantom reef, his kingdom  
Is in ruin; but words wear well.  
His words and images remain and hold like power  
To a master wizard's spell.

TILL OUR BONDS ARE RENT

I sometimes think that I, also, might be  
a mystic. For though I have denied it  
too often superstition haunts my wit  
and fear dwells in my mind. But I must see  
The superstitious awe that is in me  
and I must challenge it or not feel fit  
to knit the life for me I mean to knit.  
My life, my mind, my being, must be free;  
and mysticism binds the human brain  
with shackles it has long tried casting off.  
And even yet I feel the weight of chain  
for even I have not yet cast it off.  
I, too, am mystic, though I'm malcontent  
and always will be till our bonds are rent.

ENGRAVED UPON THE WIND

A dozen lines of verse, engraved upon the wind  
Sung by some ancient bard  
Unknown by name but gifted yet with fame:  
A dozen lines of deathless verse that voices send  
Into the wafting, timeless wind.



# C.A.S.: A CHRONOLOGY

Donald Fryer

The following chronology is designed to supplement, and in some cases to correct, the material included in my biblico-critical essay on Smith The Sorcerer Departs (IN MEMORIAM: CLARK ASHTON SMITH, ed. J.L. Chalker). Unavoidably it repeats some of the material in that essay. To atone for this, I have included (when possible) the dates of composition, or of completion of composition, of Smith's tales 1929-1938 (since most readers will be more interested in his tales than in his other prose and verse). Most of the following, in different form, will be included in my forthcoming A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF CLARK ASHTON SMITH.

## CLARK ASHTON SMITH: A CHRONOLOGY

January 13, 1893: Clark Ashton Smith is born to Fanny and Timeus Smith, in Long Valley, California, not far from Auburn, in the house of his maternal grandparents, the Gaylords.

1902: The Smith family moves from the Gaylord house to Indian Ridge (usually called Boulder Ridge), about a mile from Auburn. Timeus Smith builds a cabin and digs a well, with the aid of 9-year-old Clark.

1904: Smith undertakes his "first literary efforts, at the age of 11...fairly tales and imitations of the Arabian Nights."

c.1905-1910: Composes "long adventure novels of Oriental life, and much mediocre verse."

1906: At the age of 13, Smith discovers the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe.

September, 1907: At the age of 14, some 3 or 4 months before his 15th birthday, Smith discovers the poetry of George Sterling. A WINE OF WIZARDY first published in The Cosmopolitan, 9/07.

1910-1912: Has published his first 4 professional short stories: 3 derived directly from 3 juvenile tales included in an early CAS notebook under the title TALES OF INDIA.

1910-1926: Devotes most of his creative energies to verse.

January, 1911: Receives his first letter from George Sterling, the poet of the west, and the west's unofficial poet-laureate. Smith's first letter to Sterling was written for him by Edith J. Hamilton, English literature teacher at Placer County

High School, friend to both CAS and Sterling. The Smith-Sterling correspondence is to last until the latter's death in November, 1926. They met many times in person, and became great friends. Sterling acts as mentor to Smith, and as helpful critic of Smith's poetry, the cause of which he did much to promote.

1911: Smith composes NERO, ODE TO THE ABYSS, and other poems.

1911-1912: Smith composes most of the poems in THE STAR TREADER AND OTHER POEMS (A.M. Robertson, 1912).

April, 1911: A.M. Robertson publishes Sterling's best single collection THE HOUSE OF ORCHIDS AND OTHER POEMS. In a letter to Sterling dated April 28, 1911, Bierce expresses delight at the book.

c. July, 1911: Sterling introduces Bierce to his protege's poems. In a letter to Sterling (August 8, 1911) Bierce expresses admiration and appreciation of the poem ODE TO THE ABYSS.

June-July, 1912: Smith spends a month or so at Sterling's place in Carmel. He reads and studies for the first time (in translation) the works of Baudelaire.

Early August, 1912 (2nd, 3rd, & 5th): San Francisco's 4 major daily newspapers and the leading weekly officially discover Smith and exclaim him extravagantly: CLARK ASHTON SMITH, THE BOY POET...BOY IS POETIC GENIUS...LONELY SIERRAS INSPIRE MUSE...CALIFORNIA YOUTH IS HAILED BY CRITICS AS POETICAL GENIUS...WRITES POEMS PRONOUNCED BY LITERATI AS RANKING WITH BEST OF KEATS AND BYRON...SIERRA TEACHES POETRY TO BOY OF ITS PEAKS...19-YEAR-OLD LAD FROM A RANCH IN MOUNTAINS IS SINGER THAT AMAZES. NEW SHELLEY, SAY CRITICS...PREDICT BOOK OF VERSE BY GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADUATE WILL SHOW GENIUS...AUBURN'S PRECOCIOUS GENIUS...GENIUS FLASHES FROM THE SIERRA. AUBURN BOY IS CALLED KEATS' EQUAL...WEALTH OF LANGUAGE AND BEAUTY OF IMAGERY AMAZE THE CRITICS.... Doutwoll Dunlap is acclaimed as the official discoverer of Smith. The truth of Sterling's discovery is announced a week later, August 10.

August 10, 1912: TOWN TALK, THE PACIFIC WEEKLY, publishes a letter from Ambrose Bierce, who writes on behalf of Smith, defending him against the extravagant acclamation accorded CAS by the San Francisco press, and against the inevitable "lions of reaction."

October, 1912: Echoes of the press acclamations reach the east coast; CURRENT LITERATURE, 10/12, in dept. Recent Poetry, makes a report and quotes from CAS' poetry.

November, 1912: A.M. Robertson publishes THE STAR-TREADER AND OTHER POEMS, Smith's first collection of verse and first book. Critical reaction is quite favorable, mostly San Francisco area press. Dedication "To My Mother."

1912-1922: Smith composes the poems in EDONY AND CRYSTAL.

1912-1914: Composes first prose-poems.

1913-1921: Suffers 8 years of ill health, including a nervous breakdown and "incipient T.B." (according to CAS letter to August Derleth dated Nov. 6, 1941).

October, 1914: . . . A.M. Robertson publishes Sterling's collection BEYOND THE BREAKERS AND OTHER POEMS, containing the sonnet The Coming Singer dedicated (but not acknowledged in print) to CAS. It is high and prophetic tribute to Smith.

January, 1915: More than 1000 copies of THE STAR TREADER sold by this date. Probable print number: 2000, Robertson's usual. Considered remarkable sale for a first volume of verse by unknown.

1915-1921: Smith composes the Poems in Prose included in EBDONY AND CRYSTAL.

November, 1915: Goes to Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco as Sterling's guest.

June, 1918: The Book Club of California publishes ODES AND SONNETS, an edition de luxe. TOWN TALK gives the book its one and only review, quite favorable.

February 20, 1920: Smith completes the first draft of THE HASHISH-EATER; or, THE APOCALYPSE OF EVIL, the longest of his poems and considered his greatest by many. Does it in ten days!

c. 1920: Composes the following fragment of a poem never before published:

Where the brazen griffins guard  
From the satin-footed pard,  
And the lion of the sands,  
All the wealth of elder lands --  
Rich and unremembered things, --  
Tombs and crowns of crumbled kings,  
Ebon lutes with silver strings,  
Pearls, and ivory, and nard.

1921-1925: Composes all poems included in SANDALWOOD.

August, 1922: Receives his first letter from H.P. Lovecraft, beginning a correspondence that would last until Lovecraft's death (March, 1937).

October, 1922: Smith is honored by the X Literary Club of Sacramento.

December, 1922: Publishes himself his 2nd major poetry collection, EBDONY AND CRYSTAL, POEMS IN VERSE AND PROSE. The overall critical reaction is very favorable. Dedication "To Samuel Loveman."

1923-Jan. 1926: Smith becomes a journalist and contributes poems and epigrams to THE AUDURN JOURNAL.



1924: Composes vignette SOMETHING NEW, unlike his later norm; published in 10 STORY BOOK, 8/24.

1925: Composes long poem in prose, THE PASSING OF APHRODITE, and the two story-like prose-poems SADASTOR and THE ADOBINATIONS OF YONDO.

1925: Makes his first verse translations of Baudelaire.

October, 1925: Publishes 3rd major poetry collection, SANDALWOOD. Critical reaction favorable, but limited to 3 reviews. "To George Sterling with Affection and Admiration."

1925-1929: Makes many prose translations of poems from Baudelaire's LES FLEURS DU MAL.

c. October-November, 1926: A few weeks before his death, Sterling states to David Warren Ryder: "Clark Ashton Smith is undoubtedly our finest living poet. He is in the great tradition of Shakespeare, Keats, and Shelley; and yet, to our everlasting shame, he is entirely neglected and almost completely unknown." On Wednesday, November 17, 1926, Sterling dies, apparently a suicide.

December, 1926: Donald Wandrei acclaims Smith enthusiastically in The Emperor of Dreams, OVERLAND MONTHLY, 12/26. Smith composes the threnody TO GEORGE STERLING: A VALEDICTION, published in OVERLAND MONTHLY, 11/27.

1926-1929: Composes a great many poems in French. By hypothesis, we conclude he also at this time prepared in his imagination the divers backgrounds for his fiction of 1929-1938: Hyperborea, Zathique, Atlantis, Avoaigne, etc.

c. 1927: Forms close friendship with Genevieve K. Sully, who encourages him to write fiction.

May, 1927: THE STEP LADDER, 5/27 devotes its entire issue to Smith's poetry.

July, 1927: Smith visits the Summit, in the Sierras, for the first time, as well as Crater Ridge nearby, the future locale of THE CITY OF THE SINGING FLAME and BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME.

1928-1929: Resumes composition of original verse in English. First is the cycle of love poems THE JASMINE GIRDLE.

1929: The Depression begins. Smith begins his later fiction.

1929-1938: Creates over 100 short stories growing out of his poems in verse and prose of 1911-1926.

September 23, 1929: THE LAST INCANTATION.

October 1, 1929: THE END OF THE STORY.

October 7, 1929: THE PHANTOMS OF THE FIRE.

October 9-10, 1929: THE RESURRECTION OF THE RATTLESNAKE

October 14, 1929: A NIGHT IN MALNEANT.

November 4, 1929: THE VENUS OF AZOMDEII

late 1929: THE METAMORPHOSIS OF EARTH

late 1929-early 1930: THE MONSTER OF THE PROPHECY

December, 1929: Composes 10 prose-poems later called PROSE PASTELS.

January 25, 1930: THE EPIPHANY OF DEATH.

January 30, 1930: MURDER IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

February 5, 1930: THE PAWNBROKER'S PARROT.

March 9, 1930: THE DEVOTEE OF EVIL.

March 31, 1930: THE SATYR.

April 21, 1930: THE UNCHARTED ISLE.

May 14, 1930: MAROONED IN ANDROMEDA.

May 29, 1930: JIM KNOX AND THE GIANTESS. Revised c. August, 1931, title changed to FOOD OF THE GIANTESSES, finally THE ROOT OF AMPOI.

July 13, 1930: THE IMMEASURABLE HORROR

July 25, 1930: THE DOOR TO SATURN.

September 8, 1930: THE WILLOW LANDSCAPE.

September 12, 1930: A RENDEZVOUS IN AVEROIGNE.

October 2, 1930: THE GORGON.

c. October, 1930: AN OFFERING TO THE MOON.

November 12, 1930: THE GHOUL.

January 4, 1931: THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER.

January 15, 1931: THE CITY OF THE SINGING FLAME

c. February 5-7, 1931: A GOOD EMBALMER.

February 22, 1931: THE TESTAMENT OF ATHAMMAUS.

April 28, 1931: THE HUNTERS FROM BEYOND.

May 19th, 1931: THE HOLINESS OF AZEDARAC

June 12, 1931: THE MAKER OF GARGOYLES. Work on this continued until July.

June 30, 1931: BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME

August-September, 1931: THE VAULTS OF YOH-VOMDIS

September, 1931: THE MASTER OF DESTRUCTION (pbtted 8/31)  
THE ETERNAL WORLD

October, 1931: THE DEMON OF THE FLOWER

Oct-Nov., 1931: THE NAMELESS OFFSPRING

November, 1931: THE WEIRD OF AVOOSL WUTHOQQUAN  
A VINTAGE FROM ATLANTIS

December, 1931; Jan-Feb. 1932: THE IMMORTALS OF MERCURY  
THE INVISIBLE CITY

January, 1932: THE SECOND INTERMENT

Jan-Feb., 1932: THE SEED FROM THE SEPULCHER

February, 1932: THE PLUTONIAN DRUG  
UDDO-SATHLA

March 13, 1932: THE DOUBLE SHADOW

c. April, 1932: THE SUPERNUMERARY CORPSE

April-May, 1932: THE COLOSSUS OF YLOURGNE; 1st draft 5/1/32.

May 15, 1932: THE MANDRAKES

June, 1932: THE BEAST OF AVEROIGNE  
MASTER OF THE ASTEROID

July, 1932: THE DISINTERMENT OF VENUS  
THE ICE-DEMON;  
A STAR-CHANGE  
THE WHITE SYDIL

July-Aug., 1932: THE ISLE OF THE TORTURERS

August, 1932: THE DIMENSION OF CHANCE  
THE DWELLER IN THE GULF

c. September, 1932: THE MAZE OF MAAL DWED  
GENIUS LOCI

September 16, 1932: THE THIRD EPISODE OF VATHEK.  
THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS ZULKAIS AND  
THE PRINCE KALILAH, conclusion only by CAS to the episode left



unfinished by William Beckford. Smith once planned a 4th and 5th Episode. His conclusion is about 4000 words long.

October, 1932-March, 1933: THE FLOWER-WOMEN

Oct.'32-Feb.'33: VULTHOOM

November 14, 1932: THE CHARNEL GOD

November-December, 1932: THE DARK EIDOLON

January, 1933: THE VOYAGE OF KING EUVORAN

February, 1933: THE INFERNAL STAR. Fragment of a novel, abt. 12,000 words.

February-March, 1933: THE WEAVER IN THE VAULT. 1st draft completed 3/14/33.

April, 1933: THE CHAIN OF AFORGOMON. Completed 1/34. First projected as a novel.

April, 1933: THE DARK AGE  
THE DEATH OF MÅLYGRIS

April 27, 1933: George Work, author of WHITE MAN'S HARVEST, in newspaper interview praises Smith highly. "With the late George Sterling and David Starr Jordan, Work considers Clark Ashton Smith the greatest American poet of today." His "poems do not compare unfavorably with those of Byron, Shelley, Keats, or Swinburne."

June, 1933: Smith publishes large paperbound pamphlet THE DOUBLE SHADOW AND OTHER FANTASIES, containing 6 stories.

c. July, 1933: THE TOMB-SPAWN  
THE HOUSE OF HAON-DOR

c. August, 1933: THE WITCHCRAFT OF ULUA

August-Sept., 1933: THE COMING OF THE WHITE WORM

Sept.-Oct. 1933: THE SEVEN GEASES

January, 1934: THE PRIMAL CITY

February, 1934: THE SCARLET EGG

Feb-March, 1934: XEETHRA. 1st draft completed 3/21/34.

April 7, 1934: Smith finishes shorter version of THE LAST HIEROGLYPH under title IN THE BOOK OF VERGAMA. Final draft by 5/34.

June-August, 1934: SECONDARY COSMOS. Attempts to finish 8/37.

c. August, 1934: THE JUJU COUNTRY

Smith successfully fights a severe wood fire on the Smith ranch outside Auburn.

December, 1934: David Warren Ryder in his brief essay The Price of Poetry, CONTROVERSY, 12/34, acclaims Smith a "great poet...in our generation...the fittest to wear the mantle of Shakespeare and Koats."

c. Apr-May, 1935: Smith begins making small sculptures from native California rock.

Sept. 9, 1935: Fanny Smith, nee Mary Francis Gaylord, Smith's mother, dies at age 85.

November, 1935: Smith begins putting together INCANTATIONS, a collection of miscellaneous poems composed 1920s-1935, not a connected cycle. It was to be published by R.H. Barlow, but it fell through and was included in COLLECTED POEMS.

December, 1936: Lovecraft writes his last poem, the sonnet TO KLARKASH-TON, LORD OF AVEROIGNE; pub. Weird Tales April, 1938 as TO CLARK ASHTON SMITH. [A bibliographic argument. Fryer is CAS' bibliographer, but I'm Lovecraft's -- the statement that this was Lovecraft's last poem is at best dubious. JLC7]

c. March, 1937: THE DEATH OF ILALOTHA

March 15, 1937: Lovecraft dies, age 47, of cancer. He was perhaps Smith's greatest friend and confrere, although they never were to meet.

March 31, 1937: TO HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT, threnody; pub. Weird Tales 7/37.

May, 1937: The Futile Press, Lakeport, Calif. publishes the slender collection NERO AND OTHER POEMS.

July-August, 1937: THE GARDEN OF ADOMPHA

August, 1937: Smith plots and begins THE ALKAHEST and ASHARIA: A TALE OF THE LOST PLANET. He also plots THE REBIRTH OF THE FLAME, projected sequel to BEYOND THE SINGING FLAME.

c. August, 1937: The Futile Press publishes CLARK ASHTON SMITH: EMPEROR OF SHADOWS, by Donjamin De Casseres. "He is brother-prince to Poe, Daudelaire, Shelley, Rimbaud, Laforgue, Leconte de Lisle, Keats, Chopin, Blake, and El Greco." August is the date of composition; the booklet was actually published November, 1937.

December 26, 1937: Timeus Smith, father of CAS, dies at age 82. He had been born in England, (1855-1937).

1938-1941: Smith is largely living and not writing, according to a letter dated July 13, 1941 to Derleth: "I've been away from

Auburn much of the time during the past 2 2/3 years, and have done more living than writing. Had got to the point where it was absolutely necessary. Now I'm trying to settle down to literary production again."

c. 1939: Smith revisits the site of Sterling's Carmel place -- "our old Theleme" -- which he'd first visited in June-July 1912. He forms a close friendship with poet Eric Barker and wife, dancer Madelynne Greene.

1939-1946: Smith composes the cycle of love poems THE HILL OF DIONYSUS.

January, 1942: Exhibit of some of Smith's sculptures held at the Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento. This is probably the first exhibit, or one of the first, of his sculptures.

August, 1942: Arkham House publishes Smith's first book of short stories, OUT OF SPACE AND TIME, dedicated to Genevieve W. Sully.

September 23, 1942: Benjamin De Casseres hails Smith not only as a great poet but as "a great prose writer as well."

Sept. 1944- December, 1949: Smith produces his SELECTED POEMS -- originally titled COLLECTED POEMS. Of the 700+ poems by CAS known at the time of his death, over 500 are in SELECTED POEMS. It was delivered to Arkham House in December, 1949; August Derleth expects it will be "1968 or 1969" before it's published. JLC7.

October, 1944: Arkham House publishes Smith's second story collection LOST WORLDS, dedicated to August Derleth & Donald Wandrei.

June, 1945: Smith plots THE SCARLET SUCCUBUS, a weird-erotic tale of Zothique, projected as of "short book length."

July, 1946: Smith begins THE PAINTER IN DARKNESS (working title: THE NOCTUARY OF NATHAN GEAST).

c. Sept-Oct. 1947: THE MASTER OF THE CRAOS.

c. late 1940s: Smith assists Kenneth Yasuda a propos the correct "Englishing" of haiku from the Japanese. He became fascinated with the form's possibilities and created about 100 haiku, most of which are in SELECTED POEMS, in the subsection "Experiments in Haiku" of the section INCANTATIONS.

October, 1948: Arkham House publishes the 3rd collection, GENIUS LOCI AND OTHER TALES. No dedication.

late 1948-early 1949: Smith learns Spanish, makes his first translations of Spanish poetry, and writes first poems in Spanish.

Spring, 1949: Dr. Edward Wagenknecht in his Arkham Sampler

review of GENIUS LOCI (Spring, 1949 issue), writes: "We had better allow some place in our enjoyment for the considerable art of Mr. Clark Ashton Smith, who...must be, now that Lovecraft is dead, at the very least the premier American master in his particular genre."

1950-1951: Smith continues to create new poems both in English and Spanish. In December, 1951, Arkham House produces his 6th verse collection, THE DARK CHATEAU, dedicated "to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe." 18 of its 40 poems are from SELECTED POEMS. Most of the balance, of equal quality, were written after SELECTED POEMS.

1952-1961: Smith still sculpts but creates only a little verse and prose.

April 11, 1953: MONSTERS IN THE NIGHT published as A PROPHECY OF MONSTERS.

c. end of August, 1953: Smith is visited by August Derleth.

c. November, 1953. THE THEFT OF THE THIRTY-NINE GIRDLES. Not in final draft until April, 1957.

November 10, 1954: Smith marries Carol Jones Dorman, of Pacific Grove, California, in Auburn. They honeymoon on the Monterey Peninsula.

1954-1961: Smith maintains his residence alternately in Pacific Grove and near Auburn.

after 1954: Smith composes sonnet for his wife: From this my heart, a haunted Elsinore, / I send the phantoms packing for thy sake...etc.

August, 1957: The old Smith cabin, in which he'd lived for more than half a century, burns to the ground.

c. 1957-1958: The New York Public Library purchases for the Berg Collection the Sterling-Smith correspondences, together with related manuscripts and typescripts by both CAS and Sterling. /I might interject that the library then forbade a justly astonished Carol Smith from seeing or cataloging the letters. It took a legal battle for her to see again her own husband's letters! JLC/

March, 1958: Smith's 7th verse collection, SPELLS AND PHILTRES, published by Arkham House. Dedicated "To Carol." 52 of its 60 poems are from SELECTED POEMS. Apparently 7 of the 8 others were written since THE DARK CHATEAU.

May 11, 1958: Television station KRCA, Channel 3, Sacramento, has on its 11 A.M. show "Reading for Pleasure" Clark Ashton Smith. The discussion was concerned with SPELLS AND PHILTRES.

February, 1960: Arkham House publishes Smith's 4th prose collection, THE ABOMINATIONS OF YONDO. No dedication.

June 4, 1961: Smith composes his last poem, the sonnet in alexandrines, CYCLES.

July, 1961: Writes his last short story, THE DART OF RAS-ASFA, around a future cover for FANTASTIC. The story proves to be unpublishable /Cele Goldsmith rejected it without publically explaining, despite previous promo. Cover went to Judy Merril.JC7

August 14, 1961: Clark Ashton Smith dies at the age of 68.

+ + + + +

November, 1962: Roy A Squires publishes a major portion of the cycle of love poems THE HILL OF DIONYSUS under that title. Started with Smith's help, it was completed by Squires and Clyde Beck in memoriam. 180 copies.

August, 1963: Jack L. Chalker publishes IN MEMORIAM: CLARK ASHTON SMITH, collection of memoirs, critiques, plus some poems (new and reprint) and the first publication of Smith's weird play in blank verse THE DEAD WILL CUCKOLD YOU.

July, 1964: Squires publishes 8 of Smith's poems in Spanish (all original) in a tiny chapbook, DONDE DUERMES, ELDORADO? Y OTROS POEMAS. Squires also publishes a chapbook containing only the poem NERO.

November, 1964: Arkham House publishes Smith's fifth collection of short stories, TALES OF SCIENCE AND SORCERY.

July, 1965: Arkham House publishes a complete collection of all of Smith's prose-poems known to exist, under the title POEMS IN PROSE. The volume has 12 illustrations by Frank Utpatel.

# # # # #

The dates of composition, or of completion of composition, have been derived either from the original manuscripts or typescripts, or from Smith's letters, particularly those to August Derleth. However, in many cases the dates are incomplete, and do not represent the total amount of time devoted to each's creation. First composition is also not final draft. He usually sketched the plot first on a piece of notepaper, or in his notebook THE BLACK BOOK (used 1929-1961). All this in longhand. He'd then write the first draft, usually in longhand as well. Smith estimated that he rewrote 3 or 4 times directly on typewriter, altering and correcting on the manuscripts in longhand. This method, like that of Gustave Flaubert, accounts, at least in part, for the extremely polished style characteristic of Smith's finest prose fiction. A series chronology follows on the next page.

--DONALD S. FRYER

/The most remarkable thing about the chronology, I feel, is the incredible speed with which CAS wrote stories -- the above notwithstanding. It's enough to earn respect from most writers, and give budding writers pause! JLC7

ADDENDUM: TALES RELATED BY A COMMON BACKGROUND ARRANGED BY THE COMPILER ALPHABETICALLY OR WHERE POSSIBLE ACCORDING TO CHRONOLOGY.

### HYPERDOREA

Ubbo-Sathla  
The Coming of the White Worm  
The Door to Saturn  
The Weird of Avoosl Wutho-  
qquan  
The Seven Geases  
The Testament of Athammaus  
The White Sybil  
The Theft of the Thirty-  
Nine Girdles  
The Tale of Satampra Zeiros  
The Ice-Demon

### ATLANTIS

The Last Incantation  
The Death of Malygris  
The Double Shadow  
A Voyage to Sfanomob  
A Vintage from Atlantis

### AVEROIGNE

The Maker of Gargoyles  
The Holiness of Azedarac  
The Colossus of Ylourgne  
The Beast of Averoigne  
The Enchantress of Sylaire  
The Mandrakes  
Mother of Toads  
A Rendezvous in Averoigne  
The Satyr  
The Disinterment of Venus  
The End of the Story

### ZOTHIQUE

The Black Abbot of Puthuum  
The Charnel God  
The Dark Eidolon  
The Death of Ilalotha  
The Empire of the Necroman-  
cers  
The Garden of Adompha  
The Isle of the Torturers  
The Last Hieroglyph  
The Master of the Crabs  
Morthylla  
Necromancy in Naat  
The Tomb-Spawn

### ZOTHIQUE (CTD.)

The Voyage of King Euvoran  
The Weaver in the Vault  
The Witchcraft of Ulua  
Xeethra

### XICCARPH

The Maze of Maal Dweb  
The Flower-Women

### MARS

The Dweller in the Gulf  
The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis  
Vulthoom  
Seedling of Mars

[NOTE: for Seedling it is a dif-  
ferent Mars than for the 1st 37

### CTHULHU MYTHOS

The Coming of the White  
Worm  
The Door to Saturn  
The Holiness of Azedarac  
The Nameless Offspring  
The Return of the Sorcerer  
The Seven Geases  
The Tale of Satampra Zei-  
ros  
The Testament of Athammaus  
Ubbo-Sathla  
The Weird of Avoosl Wutho-  
qquan

"Every god or demon, some-  
where in the dim past,  
must have had a human  
creator" -- letter to  
Derleth, 4/13/37.

The Smith letters to Der-  
leth are included in: The  
August Derleth Papers;  
Division of Archives &  
Manuscripts, State His-  
torical Society of Wis-  
consin, Madison, Wisc.

The Cthulhu Mythos list-  
ing is Smith's own.



# SEA NYMPH

## laurence r. griffin

AS I LOOK BACK ON THE UNHAPPY EVENTS OF LAST SUMMER, it's hard for me to decide whether I would have acted differently had I known the stories connected with the location of my house on Martha's Vineyard. I'm naturally inclined to be skeptical, paying little attention to old wives tales, myths, and rumors. But still, I think, I never would have let Alan Kendall come to the house.

Kendall was, as I'm sure most of my readers will recall from the newspaper stories of the tragedy, a writer who specialized in the occult. At the time he came to stay with me, he was nationally known as an expert, having written many books dealing with psychic research.

As I recall, it was late Friday afternoon. I was working in my Manhattan law office when the phone rang.

"Mr. Gordon, there's a call for you on line two. A Mr. Alan Kendall," my secretary told me. I pressed the "2" button. "Yes?"

"Jack, this is Alan. I was wondering if I could stay at your house on Martha's Vineyard for a week or so. I'm about finished with a new book, and I'm stuck on the last chapter. I need some place where I can be myself and think."

"You're welcome to, Alan. I'm going to spend the weekend there and come back Monday. I'll fly you down with me tomorrow."

Early Saturday morning I picked Kendall up at his midtown apartment, and we drove over to Teterboro to get my Cessna 170. A half hour later we took off into a clear sky; it was one of those days for perfect flying weather. We turned toward Massachusetts.

A few hours later we landed at Tom Larsen's small airport near Vineyard Haven and, as usual, I rented his VW. We quickly stored our luggage in the car and headed for the beach house. As we pulled up in front of the six-room summer cottage I wondered again how I'd managed to pick it up at such a low price. The house is located a few hundred feet from the ocean, on a bluff about sixty feet above the rocks on which the surf booms restlessly, while behind the house are green, rolling hills and cool woods.

I should mention that Kendall claimed to be a "sensative;" that is, able to detect psychic disturbances. It was this gift, he'd told me once, that had steered him toward a career in the occult. As we entered the pleasant cottage, he turned, an odd expression on his thin face.

"Jack, has anything ever happened here?"

"Happened?" I replied, puzzled by his attitude.

"Yes. Some tragedy. There's a great sadness here. I -- I can feel it."

I had to laugh at his seriousness. "What could have happened here?" I replied jocularly. "The house is only two years old."

"Perhaps then it might be --" He stopped. "No, no, just a random thought. I'll tell you if I get any more impressions."

When we were settled we drove into Vineyard Haven and had supper at a little restaurant on the waterfront specializing in clams and oysters. We got back to the cottage around nine, and Kendall retired immediately. After an hour's reading I joined him.

I lay huddled beneath the warm covers, listening. Someone was walking down the hall, down past my bedroom door. I glanced at my electrically lit clock: 3:30. Eyes heavy with sleep, I slipped quietly out of bed, shrugged into my robe, and opened the door cautiously. The hall was empty.

In the living room I found the French windows facing the sea flung wide open, the white curtains billowing spectrally in the night winds. Far down the beach, silhouetted in the moonlight, I saw a lone figure that, I knew, had to be Kendall. I couldn't imagine what he was doing at that hour, and, being curious, I sat down in a chair to await his return. It was twenty minutes before he walked in.

I started to speak, when I suddenly saw that he was sleepwalking! So I said nothing, allowing his uncomprehending eyes and stiffly moving body to take him back to his room. I finished my second cigarette and, with a shrug, went back to bed.

The next morning I tactfully inquired if he'd had any dreams. He looked out the window behind me for a time before he spoke.

"Dream?" he said thoughtfully. "Yes, a strange one. I'm near the answer."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I dreamed of a girl. I don't know how long I'd been asleep when I suddenly awoke to a soft voice, whispering to me.

"I opened my eyes and saw a nude girl standing at the foot of my bed, beckoning to me. A beam of milky moonlight fell diagonally across her, making her pale skin almost luminous. Flaxen hair fell to her smooth shoulders. She was beautiful, long-legged, high-breasted, like some Grecian statue of ivory and alabaster come alive, or a nymph arisen from the sea."

"What did she want?"

"I don't know. She had trouble making me understand, but I got the impression that she was lonely and wanted me to come along with her to the beach." His voice dropped to a whisper. "I remember we ran, her fair hair trailing behind her, and her laugh was like the tinkle of elfin chimes. She wanted me to come back, back into the sea with her -- and I almost did."

I felt strangely uneasy. "It was only a dream," I consoled.

"Of course," he replied quickly, "or was it more than that?"

After breakfast, instead of writing Kendall got out his sketch pad and pastels. I watched as his hand flew across the paper. Soon he'd finished the drawing.

I looked upon the strange picture with mixed feelings. He'd drawn a nude study of a young girl from the waist up, with the sea in the background. She was perhaps twenty or so, a hauntingly beautiful girl, her face surrounded by a mass of softly waving

flaxen hair. Her sapphire eyes looked out from the drawing pad, seeming to hold an odd quality of melancholia.

"Alathea!" he said suddenly, throwing his pastels down and sinking listlessly into a chair.

"Alathea?"

"That's what she told me her name was."

"Are you all right, Alan?"

He smiled weakly. "Of course."

I left him sitting in the chair facing the windows, and went across the room to my desk to work on a legal brief I'd need Monday. Since I had a great deal of planning to do on the brief, I worked quite intensely, losing all track of time. It was nearly four when I finished. Looking up, I was surprised to see Alan still sitting there staring at the sea.

"Alan?" I called, and he jumped at the sound. "You know, Jack," he said, "I never realized how beautiful and restful the ocean was." Then he sank back into his reverie.

I was worried. He'd always been eccentric, but that dream seemed to be rapidly becoming an obsession. I decided to pay a visit to the cottage's last owner, Ethan Coffin, and see if he might give substance to Alan's weird dream.

When Coffin opened the door he looked shocked to see me, but quickly regained his composure and invited me in. I came directly to the point. "Mr. Coffin, is there anything wrong with the house I bought?"

He paled beneath his tan, and a few beads of perspiration formed on his forehead. "What -- what do you mean?"

"This!" I announced, simultaneously unrolling Alan's sketch of the strange girl. I thought he'd have a stroke. He took a full minute, then arose and went over to the sideboard. After swallowing half a glass of brandy in one gulp, he sank back into his easy chair.

"All right, have a seat," he said in a strangled voice. "I'll tell you what little I know." He sighed. "Two years ago, right after I completed the house, a family came over from Boston and wanted to rent it. Seemed their daughter had had an unhappy romantic experience, and they wanted to get her away from the memories."

"What was her name?" I interrupted.

"Funny name. Alathea. She seemed to cheer up for a time, and then one day her parents came home and found her gone. Her clothing was found on the rocks at the foot of the cliff, but they never found her body."

"And the girl in the picture...?"

He nodded slowly. "After that I never had much luck renting the place, and nobody wanted to buy it until --"

"Until I came up from New York," I finished. "Did you ever stay in the cottage?"

"Yes," he replied, and gulped down the rest of the brandy. Then he said, slowly, in a quiet whisper, "She tried to make me go over the cliff with her."

A shudder passed through me. "Good Lord," I finally muttered. The idea was horrible. A lonely, dead girl looking for company -- dead company. I quickly thanked Coffin for the informat-

ion and hurried back to my car. Kendall, being a sensitive, was trapped. I had to get back immediately if I were to stop him.

By the time I reached the cottage dusk had turned to night. I was seized with a feeling of dread; I flung open the front door and hurried to the living room. It was empty. Kendall had gone. "Alan!" I shouted. "Alan!"

Silence answered.

The French windows facing the sea were open again, and now cold serpentine wreaths of mist drifted in. A pale, full moon hung near the horizon, silvering the ocean with its wan glow.

I stepped through the windows and walked down toward the beach. Then I stopped, dead.

The sandy beach started only a few feet ahead of me, and in the moonlight I could see Kendall's firm footprints in the damp sand leading to the cliff. Beside him were the small, high-arched prints of a young girl's bare feet....

...LAURENCE R. GRIFFIN...

#### WIND-WORMS

Your ears can prove me sane -- you need but go  
To hear them in the darkness of the trees  
To find my truth, or watch them through the dusk,  
Spawn'd in the fading light from dust-mote sperm,  
The wind their womb, the growing chiu their strength  
That forms them whole by dark. Their perches creak  
Within the midnight leaves -- Hark you that speech  
Of worms? That rasping chatter holds the tales  
Of universes won by gods like me!  
Watch, you, my court: I hear them in the walls....

--GEORGE F. RALSTON

# AFR: A CHECKLIST

## George F. Ralston

The Avon Fantasy Reader sustained through 18 sporadic publishing dates from 1947 to 1952, with Donald A. Wollheim as the editor-in-chief. The digest-sized magazine had a main format of reprints by craftsmen of the fantasy field, with scattered SF selections and an occasional new piece.

Although the AFR issues are a literal treasure-house, they find little mention except on the second-hand book lists, where copies bring at least double, and often triple and quadruple, their published price. The following is offered to any who might decide to investigate these markets and initiate or supplement their own fantasy collections.

G.F.R.

### AFR 1:

Leinster, Murray.....	The Power Planet
Derleth, August.....	The Shattered House
Hodgson, William Hope.....	The Voice in the Night
Merritt, A.....	The Woman of the Wood
Wells, H.G.....	The Truth About Pyecraft
Smith, Clark Ashton.....	The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis
Lord Dunsany.....	The 3 Infernal Jokes

### AFR 2:

Keller, David H.....	Stenographer's Hands
Fisher, Philip M. Jr.....	The Strange Case of Lemuel Jenkins
Endore, Guy.....	The Day of the Dragon
Howard, Robert E.....	The Mirrors of Tuzan Thune
Chambers, Robert W.....	The Yellow Sign
Wright, S. Fowler.....	Automata
Pratt, Fletcher and Manning, Laurence.....	The City of the Living Dead

### AFR 3:

Merritt, A.....	Rhythm of the Spheres
Owen, Frank.....	The Silent Trees
Wells, H.G.....	The Queer Story of Brownlow's Newspaper
Lovecraft, H.P.....	The Silver Key
Moore, C.L.....	The Black Thirst
Wollheim, Donald A.....	Mimic
Grendon, Stephen (August Derleth).....	Bishop's Gambit
Collier, John.....	Evening Primrose
Bradbury, Ray.....	Homecoming





Smith, Clark Ashton.....	The Flower-Women
Arnold, M.F.....	The Night Wire
Miller, P. Schuyler.....	Through the Vibrations
Leiber, Fritz.....	The Man Who Never Grew Young
Kline, Otis Adelbert.....	The Man from the Moon
Bloch, Robert.....	The Unspeakable Betrothal
Hodgson, William Hope.....	The Stone Ship
Schnirring, Alice-Mary.....	Child's Play
Lord Dunsany.....	The Madness of Andelsprutz
Wandrei, Donald.....	The Painted Mirror

Howard, Robert E.....	A Witch Shall Be Born
Morgan, Bassett.....	Bimini
Lovecraft, H.P.....	The Statement of Randolph Carter
Flagg, Francis.....	The Mechanicals
Jameson, Malcolm.....	Vengeance in Her Bones
Breuer, Miles J.....	The Gostak & The Doshes
Wollheim, Donald A.....	Storm Warning
Long, Amelia Reynolds.....	Omega

Quinn, Seabury.....	Glamour
Owen, Frank.....	The Golden Hour of Kwoh Fan
Bond, Nelson S.....	Uncommon Castaway
Stribling, T.S.....	Magglesby
Bradbury, Ray.....	Asleep in Armageddon
Michel, John, & Lowndes, Robert A.W.....	The Inheritors
Flagg, Francis.....	The Dancer in the Crystal

Howard, Robert E.....	The Blonde Goddess of Bal-Sagoth
Smith, Clark Ashton.....	The Chain of Aforgomon
Rohmer, Sax.....	In the Valley of the Sorceress
Wellman, Manly Wade.....	The Kelpie
Breuer, Miles J.....	The Captured Cross-Section
Lord Dunsany.....	The Wonderful Willow
Morgan, Bassett.....	Tiger Dust
James, M.R.....	An Episode of Cathedral History
Kubilius, Walter.....	The Day Has Come

Long, Frank Belknap.....	The Love-Slave & the Scientists
Grimshaw, Beatrice.....	The Cave
Wright, Sewell Peaslee.....	The Forgotten Planet
Cummings, Ray.....	The Curious Case of Norton Hoorne
Diffin, Charles W.....	The Power and the Glory
Long, Julius.....	He Walked by Day
Wright, S. Fowler.....	Original Sin
Derleth, August.....	The Thing that Walked on the Wind
Wandrei, Donald.....	Raiders of the Universe

Counselman, Mary Elizabeth.....	The House of Shadows
Wetjen, Albert Richard.....	The Ship of Silence
Jacobi, Carl, & Simak, Clifford D.....	The Street that Wasn't There

Howard, Robert E.....	Temptress of the Tower of Torture and Sin
Bradbury, Ray.....	Ylla
Cummings, Ray.....	The Three-Eyed Man
Dwyer, James Francis.....	The Cave of the Invisible
Harding, Allison V.....	Guard in the Dark
Jackson, Clive G.B.....	The Still Small Voice
Bishop, Zelia Brown-Reed.....	The Curse of Yig
Keller, David H.....	The Yeast Men
Ashkenazy, Irvin.....	The Headless Miller of Kobold's Keep
Whitehead, Henry S.....	The Shadows

Weinbaum, Stanley G.....	A Man, A Maid, & Saturn's Temptation
Counselman, Mary Elizabeth.....	Mommy
Wright, Gilbert.....	The Great Gizmo
Morgan, Bassett.....	Gray Ghouls
Baring, Maurice.....	Venus
Miller, P. Schuyler.....	Ship-in-a-Bottle
Wollheim, Donald A.....	Up There
Breuer, Miles J.....	The Einstein See-Saw
Leahy, John Martin.....	In Amundsen's Tent
Smith, Clark Ashton.....	Ubbo-Sathla
Kornbluth, C.M.....	Kazam Collects

Bloch, Robert.....	The Black Kiss
Priestly, J.B.....	Mr. Strenberry's Tale
Burgess, Gelott.....	The Man Who Lived Backward
Wandrei, Donald.....	Something From Above
La Spina, Grey.....	The Wax Doll
Grimshaw, Beatrice.....	The Forest of Lost Men
Shiel, M.P.....	The Place of Pain
Reynolds, L. Major.....	The River
Bangs, John Kendrick.....	The Water Ghost of Harrow- by Hall
Long, Frank Belknap.....	The Hounds of Tindalos
Flagg, Francis.....	The Picture

Dyalhis, Nictzin.....	The Sapphire Siren
Bradbury, Ray.....	Jack-in-the-Box
Chesterton, G.K.....	The Noticeable Conduct of Professor Chadd
Boucher, Anthony.....	The Pink Caterpillar
West, Wallace.....	The Phantom Dictator
Lovecraft, H.P. & Price, E. Hoffman.....	Through the Gates of the Silver Key

Bond, Nelson S.....	The Bookshop
Owen, Frank.....	One-Man God
Hodgson, William Hope.....	The Mystery of the Sargasso

Howard, Robert E.....	The Witch from Hell's Kitchen
Clark, Dale.....	The Devil in Hollywood
Cave, Hugh B.....	The Watcher in the Green Room
Blackwood, Algernon.....	A Victim of Higher Space
Heald, Hazel.....	Out of the Eons
Burgess, Gelett.....	Just What Happened
Dwyer, James Francis.....	The Phantom Ship of Dirk Van Tromp
White, Edward Lucas.....	Amina
Hodgson, William Hope.....	The Haunted "Jarvee"

[illegible]

"There were few changes, and all were on later cover stories. Wollheim had a gift for wild titles -- you can spot them easily:

AFR 18: Howard's The Witch from Holl's Kitchen was originally, I believe, The House of Arabu.

--Mark Owings--

Now -- is anyone willing to do the same for DEYOND -- and perhaps track down the original sources for all the stories as well? MIRAGE has a place for it if anyone's feeling industrious!

# SOME BACK- GROUNDS OF FAIRYLAND

The term fairy has in modern times been applied to so wide a variety of imaginary entities, that its original meaning is almost lost in favour of a more inclusive significance. The true fairy, as developed by early Celtic folklore, was undoubtedly a female nature-spirit equivalent to the dryads, naiads, and other local nymphs of classical antiquity. Such a spirit is, in essence, a personification of some aspect of the natural world, and every branch of Aryan Mythology teems with examples. Dawn-maidens, cloud-maidens, fountain-maidens, tree-maidens, and the like exist abundantly, under various names, in the legends of all Aryan peoples; and it is not remarkable that the highly imaginative Celts should have evolved one of the most notable of all systems of such beings.

Evidence seems to indicate that the pre-classical Gauls -- and, by inference, other Celts -- possessed an active belief in beings corresponding to what we recognize as true fairies. After the coming of Roman influences many classical features were undoubtedly woven into this belief, though not so many as to destroy its distinctiveness.

The true Celtic fairy was originally a female of graceful human aspect and average size, dwelling in some specific environment and possessing such supernatural attributes as the power to change form, control the sea and the wind, heal sickness, and divine future events. From these powers the name of fay, fee, or fairy was derived in mediaeval times from the Low Latin verb fatere, to enchant; itself derived from the standard Latin fatum, fate.

True fairies were generally benignant rather than malignant, though when wronged their revenges were ample and certain. They were frequently loved and married by mortal men, and always exacted heavy penalties when such favoured mortals broke faith with them. Fairies often took it upon themselves to preside at the birth of individuals, over whom they would retain a protective guardianship throughout life. This linkage of the beings with human destiny or fate may have been instrumental in the choice of

H. P. Lovecraft

Copyright 1944 by August Derleth & Donald Wandrei for MARGINALIA,  
by H.P. Lovecraft. Copyright 1947 by August Derleth & Donald  
Wandrei. By permission of the copyright holders & Arkham House.

their final name -- derived indirectly from fatum.

Such are the original fairies commonly met with in pre-Elizabethian tradition and literature. Parallel to them, however, had always existed a wholly separate line of mythological creation whose attributes were eventually to become mixed with those of the fairy world -- just as the attributes of both were likewise to become mixed with a third element derived from actual experience. This separate line of myth was also one of natural personification, albeit of a far different and darker cast; having to do with those night-daemons or personifications of darkness which appear in all Aryan mythologies as thieves or mischief-working entities more or less inimical to man. The element of thievery or mischief-making symbolises the theft of daylight by darkness.

Typical examples of the Aryan night-daemon are the Panis of the Hindoos; the characters Cacus, Polyphemus, Cerberus, and Orthros (Geryon's dog) in classical mythology; the Genii and Afrits (to cite a Semetic borrowing) of the Arabians, and the elves, daergar, or trolls of the Teutonic north. As time progresses, and antiquity fades into mediaevalism, we see many of the traits of these night-daemons transferred to the fairy species -- causing the latter to become mischevicious, predatory, nocturnal, and sometimes hostile to mankind. Discrepancies in fairy nature increase with the years, so that eventually different groups and orders of fairies -- good and bad, large and small, male and female -- came to be recognised. Finally we reach a point where all sorts of dissimilar beings of air, earth, sea, and nether caves are lumped together in the popular mind under the single and erroneously collective term of "fairies." There are sylphs of the air, gnomes of the earth, undines of the sea, and salamanders of the fire. Each element and region has its especial sort of fairy, till the list includes such things as pixies, leprechauns, kobolds, brownies, goblins, mermaids, banshees, little people, and countless other variants. In many of these beings the attributes of different lines of myth are blended complexly and inextricably, creating extreme types of mongrelism.

So much for the purely mythical side. It is now time to consider an antipodally diverse side of the fairy's ancestry which has no connections with the primal legends of our Aryan heritage -- a side which from the earliest ages had tended to mix itself with the lore of night-daemons, and which consequently became adapted into fairyland along with the contact of Aryan races with some alien stock of darker colouring and diminutive physique encountered during the struggle for the settlement of Europe. That such a contact occurred can for many reasons scarcely be doubted; and we see reflections of it in all the traditional descriptions of such "fairies" as embody chiefly the attributes of night-daemons.

Such earthy or underground spirits have, in European folklore, a peculiar set of fixed, special qualities in no way traced to the general night-daemon myth. They are conspicuously small, conspicuously repulsive, consistently subterranean in habitat, generally primitive in their arts and crafts, usually hostile or fearful toward human beings, and given to certain definite practices such as the theft of human infants accompanied by the

substitution of their own. They have a profound lore connected with nature, and indulge in secret communal rites varying from the merely grotesque to the unutterably repulsive. Their weapons are generally bows with primitive stone-headed arrows.

Viewing all the evidence, anthropologists have for many generations felt certain that these persistent elfin or fairy characteristics are due to historic memory rather than to mythological imagination. That is, the traditional elf, troll, gnome, kobold, leprechaun, brownie, or imp is not purely an Aryan night-daemon, but a synthesis of the night-daemon and a very genuine dwarf or pigmy race of men whom the Aryans at one time or another displaced or drove into underground hiding, and who afterward kept up a furtive and vindictive course of reprisals against their conquerors.

Driven underground, decimated in numbers, and hunted down whenever seen, the vanquished dwarfs became sly creatures of the night -- sallying forth by stealth to waylay lone travellers, steal infants for nameless sacrifices, despoil lonely farm houses, shoot from ambush, and otherwise vent their hatred of their Aryan conquerors. In time it is certain that many Aryan renegades went over to them and joined their number -- as men in savage places "go native" today -- and that they succeeded in inculcating their repulsive system of fertility worship amongst a decadent stratum of the Aryans, thus giving rise to the furtive witch-cult with its sinister organisation and ceremonies, and its obscene and orgiastic Sabbat.

Memories of these waspish, uncouth, and miniature enemies could not but be extremely vivid among the conquerors of Europe; and it is not remarkable that the creatures -- so unlike men as the tall, blond Aryans conceived humanity -- became blended with the ancient hereditary lore of night-daemons which antedated our ancestors' entrance to the region. Had the Aryans not encountered this squat, dark race, it is probable that their night-daemon myths would have continued to remain in a more or less ambiguous and plastic form. To the conquered little people we undoubtedly owe the existence of elves, duergars, trolls, gnomes, and kobolds as our forefathers conceived them.

It now remains to enquire who those conquered dwarfs really were, where they lived, and when and where our invading forefathers encountered them. Also, whether the whole body of Aryans found such beings in their path, or whether the conflict was limited to a part of the Aryan people and merely reported by hearsay to the rest. We must remember that the presence of a certain legend among a certain people in a certain region by no means proves that the events of that legend really happened to that people in that particular place. The legend may have been borrowed outright from some other people -- either of that region or of another region -- or it may concern something which happened to the given people in another place -- perhaps a very distant place -- which the people occupied at some earlier stage of its racial history.

In the opinion of the older mythologists, and of many modern ones, the little people of elfin lore represent none other than the squat Mongolian stocks of northern Europe -- Lapps and Finns -- whom the Aryans found upon their entrance to that region. The



size, colour, accomplishments, and manners of these stocks in their purest form lend much plausability to the hypothesis; and it is highly probable that they covered a much larger area of the European continent than is now the case. Another argument is the fact that most of the legends of small underground beings seem to come primarily from the North -- from those Teutons who most directly encountered the squat Mongols in the battle for the continent.

A more modern and much bolder theory identifies our dwarfish foes of prehistoric times with the Neanderthaloid sub-men who shambled over Europe about 30,000 B.C., and which were exterminated by the successive waves of true human beings who swept into the region after that date. This theory, while vastly interesting, has much less standing than the one previously mentioned.

A third theory -- taking into account the existence of evil-dwarf legends in regions remote from the Lapp-Finn belt -- (for example, the Little People of the British Isles; and the Kalli Kanzori of modern Greece, which are not wholly traceable to nature -- spirits of the faun-satyr order) postulates some hitherto unknown race of dwarfs (either Mongoloid or otherwise) which populated wide areas of Europe at a very remote though not palaeolithic period. This theory has considerable vogue at the present time, and is upheld by the existence of certain prehistoric excavations in Southern Austria which seem to have been made by men of less than normal stature. At the same time it would not do to make too much of the idea, since an originally wider diffusion of the Lapp-Finn (or easterly Hunnish) stocks might easily account for the dwarf architecture and artifacts in areas remote from their historic habitat. Most conservative anthropologists think it unlikely that -- despite the vivid legends of diminutive Picts and elfin brownies in Scotland, sinister underground "little people" in Wales, and Robin Goodfellow's merry crew in England -- any miniature race has ever actually inhabited the British Isles. We derive such tales entirely from the experience of our ancestors at a former stage of migration on the European continent.

A fourth theory -- the least probable of all -- holds that the small, dark opponents of the Aryans were merely members of those less blond Caucasian stocks which disputed the possession of Europe at the dawn of history -- Mediterranean and Iberian races whose stature and pigmentation would naturally seem aberrant to a pure Nordic. This view would of course provide for an actual meeting of Celts and "little people" in the British Isles. However, it is easy to detect the weakness of such a theory. To begin with, Mediterraneans are not small enough to be called dwarfish -- certainly not small enough to inhabit the subterranean erdstalle of Southern Austria. Secondly, they are not enough unlike Nordics to give rise to the tremendous sense of alienage and repulsion evident in most legends. It is ridiculous to imagine normal, regular-featured Iberians as the models for trolls and kobolds. The most that can be said is that possibly some episodes of conflict betwixt Nordics and Mediterraneans may have been confused in Nordic folklore with other tales dealing with encounters with the older dwarf race. Such complexities must always

be reckoned with in anthropology -- indeed, we cannot swear that two, three, or four wholly different dwarf races, encountered at different times, did not play a part in forming the traditional picture of the elf, kobold, or mischevous fairy. Lapp-Finns of the north, Hunnish stocks of the southeast, unknown stocks of various habitats, and even dark Iberians of later times may all have figured in the composite legend-building -- later encounters being interpreted in terms of earlier ones, and battles on one terrain being twisted into connection with bygone battles in far different regions. Nor should it be forgotten that the purely mythical element of the night-daemon, with which the early Aryans confused their strange opponents, must always be looked for.

Recent discoveries of large numbers of Erdestalle in Austria make it likely that the Danube region was at least a leading seat of the prehistoric dwarf-Aryan conflict. These artificial caverns, plainly constructed by a race not over five feet tall, and holding artifacts indicating a late stone, copper, and early bronze age date, are occasionally of great elaborateness; some apparently being temples, while others are clearly refuges (like the burrows of small animals) from enemies of larger physique. About 700 of them are known, many of which have been used for centuries as cellars by the inhabitants of the region. The artifacts betray considerable skill -- as indeed does the engineering of the caves. Occasional skeletons found nearby reveal a race of about the size of the degenerate Ainos of Japan, the Veddahs of Ceylon (whom Haeckel placed lowest in the human scale), or certain pigmy races of Africa. Ethnologists hesitate to name racial affiliations, but there is nothing to prove that these Erdstallerbauer (as the Austrians call them) were not of the same Mongoloid stock as the Lapp-Finn and Hunnish races. Much research remains to be performed in both the archaeological and ethnological field.

Meanwhile, however, there is no dispute concerning the part played by some small, dark race in shaping the hostile, mischievous, diminutive and subterranean side of the later traditional fairy. Added to the myth of the night-daemon, this element has thoroughly mongrelised the earlier genuine fairy of Celtic nature-myth.

That many other elements, mythical, legendary, and historical, have gone into the makings of many types of elf or fairy, it would be absurd to deny. All natural legend-building is infinitely mixed and complex, involving numerous borrowings from every conceivable source; so that we may justly regard the three main fairy origins -- nature-spirit, night-daemon, and earthly dwarf -- as merely the essential or dominant backgrounds in a field of limitless variety and compositeness.

Fairyland as a whole -- the differing superstitions of different nations, and the various streams of myth or memory entering into the weird folk of various regions -- is a profound study in itself, and one which has received much attention from scholars such as the Grimms, Keightley, and Lang. The Celt has no monopoly -- even of the true fairy which he created. Needless to say, each race and country adds to its traditional elves and fairies an abundance of local and family traits all apart from the more generalised heritage of the elusive creatures. Racial and national temperment, too, plays a large part in any country's selection of a favourite fairy type. Thus some countries may lay emphasis on

a mythic being close to the pure fairy of Celtic antiquity, whilst others may specialise in beings derived mostly from the dwarf and night-daemon elements. Early English fairy-lore includes some examples of the pure type -- as in the legend of Thomas of Ercole and his seven years in the domain of the fairy queen -- though a larger number of legends depicts a miniature, good-natured, prankish race of pleasing aspect. Welsh, Scottish, and Irish fairies are less genial on the whole -- the complimentary terms "good folk" or "gentry" being euphemisms designed to placate a somewhat feared element. Continental fairies vary widely, those of Germany being perhaps best developed. Germanic legend includes magnificent examples both of the pure fairy and of the impish troll and gnome. In the more southerly nations, the importance of the grotesque elf seems to diminish. Many nations assign to the fairies a definite social and political organisation, with King, Queen, and other dignitaries -- this the Mab, Titania, and Oberon of popular legend. Fairy lore in the East, as developed by the Islamic nations, is an extensive separate study; as is the elaborate world of classified elemental spirits described by Paracelsus and the Comte de Gabalis.

Another separate topic for research is the manner in which each nation correlates its fairy lore with its more formal and serious religious beliefs. Thus in rural England a fairy is held to be the wandering spirit of a dead person, too earth-bound for heaven, yet not lost enough for assignment to the realm of Lucifer.

Belief in fairyland is today largely a matter of history in most parts of the world, though in Ireland many surprisingly literate persons still profess to retain faith in the "good folk." To such devout disciples, our present survey will no doubt appear equally blasphemous and unnecessary.

...H.P. LOVECRAFT...  
(September 23, 1932)

NOTE: The above essay is extremely dated archaeologically, and its premise was somewhat questionable in 1932. However, by a careful reading of the essay one may find excellent examples of Lovecraft's prejudices, and at least two cases of his highly subtle humor! JLC

#### OUR LIVES NOT IN THE RAINS OF TIME

Our lives not in the rains of time;  
The scraps slough from this concrete clime  
Down to that grim, grey dream-fraught sea  
That brooks in mists of memory.

--GEORGE F. RALSTON

HAUNTED MAN  
by H.S. Weatherby (with assistance from  
Herman Stowell King)

Who is it that talks in my garden  
With voice so soft and low?  
Who is it that walks in my garden  
With face as white as snow?

Whence came this Spirit of the Dead?  
What is this Fear I ever dread?  
Isn't His tune too dreary for song?  
(Perhaps the dirge avenges a wrong?)

Vendetta -- Oh, it must be repaid  
When it's slain a beautiful maid?  
Ruined a career beyond all doubt?  
Twisted my life completely about?

Broken a home I gave my youth for?  
Oh, Christ! What is the Truth for?  
When the fiend should be quartered, hung  
Crooning a Scot curse he has always sung:

"I'll ruin him like I've ruined few  
Of gold he will never accrue,  
With career gone his health won't matter  
So I'll race my sportster  
-- His brains I'll scatter -- !

"Like I tried to affect at Oregon State,  
His show was over, he had to await.  
The red light holding him at the curb  
(My souped-up Lizzie'll be superb!)

"Light change to green -- he started across --  
And down the street I raced the 'Boss'  
But there, she held him back,  
The silly actress who never liked 'Mac!'

"So I sped on by, darkly thinking:  
'Is he too blessed to die?  
This medico too lax to save my uncle,  
Can he give me a reason why?'

All tales must end, 'tho strange to tell  
And this one too, right!  
After a spell  
For Mac was wrong!  
(Who thought him right?)  
Persecuting Christians out of spite!

(Then one night he cursed them no longer,  
Deciding 'Doc' might be the stronger.)  
They found him walking where roses grow  
Jerking insanely, white as the snow,  
Mumbling he'd played Chess with the soul of his foe,  
That God warned him it never would go!

(He'd shifted the papers,  
Transferred the mice,  
Writing office reports  
That never were nice!)

But he'd have his way  
And he did -- for a while --  
Like he'd had it out there  
On Koji-Do Isle.

Sad! There is no more of Mac!  
A husband knifed him straining his back,  
The wife escaped through an open court,  
Mac tried it, too,  
And got caught in the sport.

The window, crashing around his head,  
Made striking splashes upon the bed  
(Bless my beads, how he bled!)

Which all provides moral tale  
Of a man who cheats beyond the pale,  
Stealing his pleasures wherever he'll go  
-- With a tic of the jaw,  
His face just like snow!

Fate lets the guilty one win for a while,  
Cause suffering, too, along with their guile,  
But the Karma Law catches up with them once,  
Teaching us all who's playing the Dunce!

---H.S. WEATHERBY, LPN

=====A NOTE TO ALL READERS=====

You may have heard some nasty rumors going about that Jack L. Chalker, your editor, is about to embark on a military experience. The rumors are true; the service is the Air Force-- exact dates & status not settled as of this writing. However, it will not significantly affect MIRAGE. The same address may be used, and, like many a fan before me, I'll publish wherever I may be. All correspondence and manuscripts (particularly articles -- but we need everything, are cleaned out of material) to the 5111 Liberty Heights, Balto., Md. 21207 address. The quicker material is in, the quicker I can stencil, wherever I am, and Anthem, which remains under Owings in Baltimore, can print. I repeat, the status of MIRAGE is unaffected by my movements. JLC

# BOOKS:

## Quinn, reh, & an index

It's been a bumper-crop year.

Last month, after 18 years of waiting, Arkham House/Mycroft & Moran (the d/w says one, the colophon another) finally issued the eagerly awaited THE PHANTOM FIGHTER, by Seabury Quinn. In case any reader has been buried in the sand and doesn't know, this is the first of what is hoped to be a series (Arkham has no plans but what about the other publishers?) of adventures concerning the famed psychic sleuth Jules de Grandin and his venerable associate and Watson, Dr. Trowbridge. Weird Tales ran 105 of them by my count, while Quinn in his introduction states that there have been almost 300 -- leading to speculation that the bulk of the Trowbridge papers are also in a vault in Charing Cross -- or Cross Plains, N.J. perhaps, and awaiting release.

Of that number we have ten representative selections in THE PHANTOM FIGHTER. Of these "Terror on the Links" is perhaps the least, but despite its rather ridiculous plot it serves as deGrandin's Study in Scarlet -- it tells how he and Trowbridge met and came to be associated.

Of the others, all telling of supernaturalism lurking in the background of a skeptical America, the best is probably "Restless Souls," which, I guarantee, is the most unusual switch on the vampire legend in modern fiction. Another good one with few surprises but fine effect is "Children of Ubasti," which councils that the best thing creatures of evil can obtain is utter disbelief in them. Highly effective -- and with a good twist -- is "The Jest of Warburg Tantavul," while "The Wolf of Saint Bonnot," "The Silver Countess," "The Poltergeist," and "The Doom of the House of Phipps" provide highly original and entertaining tales of the kind that made Quinn famous. Rush \$5.00 to Arkham House: Sauk City, Wisconsin, 53583 -- you, too, will want to see the other 95+.

A different publication, this time from Don Grant, is A GENT FROM BEAR CREEK, a new printing -- first in the U.S. -- of the incredibly rare western tall tales of Robert E. (CONAN) Howard. It is difficult to give a rundown -- they are outrageous tall tales as told by western Jorkens in the Last Chance Saloon rather than the billiard club or the White Hart. They're great fun, and the 750 copy edition makes it a good investment as well. A brand new sequel, THE PRIDE OF BEAR CREEK, is coming in a month or two.

A different item is in, from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of all places. It is THE INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES: 1951-1965, completing the run started by Don Day's INDEX 1926-1950, and providing a valuable service for all SF and fantasy fans. Although well worth the \$8.50, and a reference work you'll use again and again, there are a few flaws -- the lack of



any pseudonym guide, the print-size which is almost impossible to read without a microscope (it was printed on an IBM computer and photocopied onto litho plates), the absence of Australian magazines from the Index, and the regrettable error of in no way denoting multiple dates -- and, worse, using the last month in the date rather than the proper first month (i.e. the Jan-Feb-March 1930 Amazing would be listed by bibliographer Erwin Strauss as the March, not January issue -- which is going to confuse things no end). Also a bit odd is the lack of collaboration notation -- if it's by L. Sprague deCamp and Fletcher Pratt it's listed as two separate stories -- one by each. This is, actually, because of the impossibility of certain things on a computer card -- but some symbol code could have been used.

Still, for all its faults, it's probably the most valuable new reference tool since Tuck and Cockcroft began publishing, and it should be added to your shelf immediately.

Other new books include: SOMETHING BREATHING, a collection of ineffectual fantasy verse by Stanley McNail (Arkham, \$3.00); THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, a collection of 10 Vincent Starrett tales -- some of which are very good fun (Arkham, \$3.50); DAGON, the third in the new Arkham Lovecraft trilogy -- and including "Supernatural Horror in Literature" (although a few lines have been omitted by typographical error making it at one point unusual reading) -- \$6.50; STRANGE HARVEST, Donald Wandrei's second short story collection -- and first appearance in 18 years. I'm a confirmed Wandrei fan, and can only say, "More! More!" (Arkham, \$4.00) Dick Lupoff's fine but biased (understandably) study of Edgar Rice Burroughs from a literary viewpoint, MASTER OF ADVENTURE (Canaan, \$5.00); Mike Moorcock's STORMBRINGER, concluding the Elric the Albino Sorcerer series begun in SLAYER OF SOULS -- with an ending that will catch you totally off guard (Jenkins, 13/6d); John Myers Myers' classic SILVERLOCK, wherein a modern materialist is caught in a world where every character in world literature actually lives and which I consider one of the greatest fantasy novels ever written anywhere and at any time (Ace, 75¢); and a new line of science fiction novels from Chilton.

The Chilton series started fine with Frank Herbert's DUNE, science fiction's answer to the Middle Earth saga, complete with ecological tables, maps, etc., that must be a monumental work of SF if a bit too long for steady reading; then came Poul Anderson's entire Dominic Flandry series in two volumes, FLANDRY OF TERRA and AGENT OF THE TERRAN EMPIRE, which is some of the best fun in SF reading in many years; WILD AND OUTSIDE, Astounding SF's old timer Alan Kim Lang with a gag adventure story about an ex Mets manager who's made ambassador to a nutty world; THE WITCHES OF KARRES, James Schmitz's uproarious ASF science fictional witch story expanded to novel length, and still others. They backslided slightly with Marshall's DIAN OF THE LOST LAND, an old lost race item that should have stayed lost, but altogether it's been the best first showing in SF general publishing, and it's a line to keep a reading eye upon.

Despite a continual decline in the magazines, the book field gets better and better. Who says SF is dying out? Not the publishers -- and they wouldn't be increasing their output unless the stuff was selling. It's boom time again! JLC

# HINDSIGHT!

A FEW LETTERS OF LASTING INTEREST

H.L. GOLD, New York City:

My reaction to MIRAGE #7 is far from mixed. Although I like fantasy fiction more than fantasy fact, the articles were distinguished and the stories were not, except, perhaps, for their poly-unsaturated corn oil.((1)) ## Dickson's piece may have had a special appeal for me, because it happens that I bought Lulun-gameena for GALAXY, and it was interesting to see how it fits into a larger architecture. Being subject to motion-sickness, I got through his sail-and-hull metaphors only by swallowing hard more repeatedly than was comfortable. But the job was professional enough otherwise to keep me reading -- and wanting to see how the Cycle worked out in its final form.((2)). ## Professional, too, was Dodd's study of Machen, an early enthusiasm of mine. He didn't tell me as much as I would have liked to know about the man, but it did satisfy some curiosity. (Eddie Machen, a prominent pugilist, would probably have some hard-hitting comments on how his name should be pronounced and never is. Reminds me of another author's gratuitously insulting jingle: "Tell the rabble my name is Cabell.") Mrs. Rosse's fate, however, puzzles me. How much could a housekeeper leave to her master? Maybe it was disappointment that made Maundy Gregory (wonderful name!) bury her where the Thames flooded every year, a fitting punishment for a squanderer. And squanderer is what Machen must have been himself -- I should have a sale of a hundred thousand of any book of mine! -- to wind up an "obscure journalist" who drinks beer only a few years after becoming a best-seller and author of one of the most famous stories of his time. Van Vechten's logic always flabbergasted me, but the excerpt from his biography had me swinging like the aforementioned Eddie Machen. A smart writer like Dodd should not have been outfeinted by a paperweight like Vechten. ((3)).

The fiction? Well, I was getting started as Lovecraft was approaching his end, and it angered me then as now that he could be adored for his literary murders while the rest of us had to earn our living. Sweet Ermengarde is a fine corpse to dissect: note the purpleness of its passages; observe the subhumanly low brow -- it must have screeched maniacally at eyes poked out and bones broken; see the feebleness of its frame -- it could never have walked, let alone got off the ground. Lovecraft called himself a hack, but that term implies at least a journeyman's mastery of the trade, whereas he was a thesaurus man, relying on mudslides of obscure words to get his hoped-for effects. ((4)). He never once realized it's enough just to close a door on a claustrophobe, or open it on an astrophobe, without eldritch-ing and sharding the poor reader to -- heavens, no, not the Webster! Only the Oxford Unabridged had enough colour, don't you see? You HPLers have made objectivity impossible; I have unwillingly learned enough about the man to be damned glad I never met him in Providence, a city I happened to share with him for several years. Imagine being on this pathetically inept creep's calling list -- this wretched

bigot who would soon have made himself prosperous in Berlin 1933! Wait, that's not so; the Nazi propagandists he sympathized with knew their business and Lovecraft didn't. What is this love you feel for him? The love of a mother for her misshapen child? The love of a fan for the Mets? Certainly it isn't for Lovecraft's storytelling ability; he couldn't get out of his own way long enough to tell one. If he had ever scaled the subterranean heights of hackdom, he might have risen to become an A. Merritt, who at least paid his way and could, when he wasn't searching for synonyms for diaphonous, and scintillant, construct, or anyhow fumble together, something like a plot and characters. Please Explain! ((5))

Campbell's story -- well, I think he wants to learn, and he will.

You know, I wrote for UNKNOWN and only edited BEYOND, but it seems to me you fantasists leave a fantastically rich lode untouched when you overlook BEYOND and see only UNKNOWN. They were both great. ((6)).

H.L. GOLD

+++((1)) Actually, fiction has always (intentionally) occupied a secondary place in MIRAGE. With the exceptions of the reprints, and when an old pro submits for the fun of it, the fiction here must be second rate -- or it'd be in F&SF, GALAXY, etc. However, I'll not fill up space for nothing. Whoever's story gets in MIRAGE gets in because, while they don't have it I believe they have great promise. Laurence Griffin telegraphs his plots, but has a fine sense of imagery and great potential. Ray Trevino has true storyteller's skill, but the plots are imitations. The illustration of potential here is supreme, I think. JLC

+++((2)) We're still waiting for CHILDE. Gordon, what's happened to your production? We've seen too little from you in the magazines and books of late.... Imagine getting seasick from a story, though. A tribute to writing -- but, H.L., I wonder how many lesser editors than yourself may have rejected that story for "unpleasant" feelings?

+++((3)) Dodd also didn't check his facts very closely. HIEROGLYPHICS, which he lists as a novel, is actually literary criticism in Platonic dialogue.

+++((4)) I think it's unfair to hold up Sweet Ermengarde. It was not a story, but simply a satirical burlesque which, by overdoing those very elements for which you criticise, tried to satire the old showboat and soap-opera style. It was presented as a curio only; HPL certainly never intended publication.

+++((5)) Lovecraft wrote some very bad stories. So has everybody. He also wrote some good ones -- The Haunter of the Dark, THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, to name two. He has entertainment value, and is, for good or evil, a major influence on the evolution of the Gothic weird tale. He never mastered style but did have good plots in his major works. However, Clark Ashton Smith, a fantastically gifted stylist, never did tremendously complex plots. Sprague deCamp once complained you can't read Smith without an Unabridged, and he's right. Not so HPL. I don't love HPL, he's just one of several interesting subjects (and I also get paid good money for stuff on him). Being guilty of a lot of purple prose up above in the letter yourself, you

make one valid point. Although Lovecraft's eccentricities and prejudices are too often overdone by others (like Poe's drinking), HPL did have some strong racial prejudice, although more of the KKK than NAZI type. He was never sympathetic to Naziism to my knowledge -- but after going over his Fairyland essay for this issue you can make a strong circumstantial case based on phraseology. However, be that as it may, Lovecraft is neither as great as, say, Derleth pictures him, nor as horribly bad as you feel. He carried a literary tradition -- that of Chambers and Dierce -- further on, and, through criticism, development, and revision aided some of our better writers -- Bloch, Leiber, Derleth, Wandrei, and Howard, to name a few. There's obviously more to him than you give him credit for having;... By the way -- why can't Lovecraft be examined objectively? Or does a "Hatecraft" objectivity have to come out painting Lovecraft a horror or it's "biased?"

+++((6)) Agreed! BEYOND deserves much better than it's received. I'm open to any and all people -- you send me a BEYOND index, and, even more, a survey of the magazine's run, and I'll print it. Any reader willing? JLC

((The following was submitted in article form, but belongs more in the letter-of-comment area, I think. By the way -- isn't anyone writing on CAS except Don Fryer? As valuable as his works are, to get a complete picture we need more than one man's viewpoint....)))

DONALD S. FRYER, 231 Randall St., San Francisco, Calif. 94131.

Apropos the following excerpt from the letter of Harry Warner, Jr., in HINDSIGHT: "The Fryer article disappointed me somewhat. He evaded completely the big job, that of attempting to prove or disprove stylistic inheritance, and confined himself to safer ground cataloging provable matters on which his opinion could not be challenged...."

Mr. Warner's criticism has caused me to reconsider carefully, yet one more time, the Smith-Lovecraft question, as to who influenced whom, and as to the area of influence. Let me repeat: "This writer is of the considered opinion that the correspondence-friendship of Lovecraft and Smith may be best characterized as one of mutual stimulation, encouragement, advisement, admiration, and appreciation." It honestly never occurred to me that there could be any serious question of a "stylistic inheritance." Contrary to what Mr. Warner writes, I did not evade "completely the big job..." -- precisely because, for me at least, the "big job" did not, and still does not, exist to be "evaded!"

If we acknowledge the possibility of such a stylistic inheritance, when would such have operated, and to what extent? The date of the start of the HPL-CAS friendship/correspondence is established in Lovecraft's SELECTED LETTERS I (Arkham, 1965, \$7.50). I refer Mr. Warner to the letters numbered 109, 112, 114, 115, 116, 123, all addressed to Smith; I also refer him to letters 95, 108, 110, and 134, which, while not addressed to Smith refer to him.... Smith evidently first read a tale by HPL sometime during or shortly before August, 1922, and would continue to read HPL's mss. before publication up until shortly before Lovecraft's death. If any

stylistic influence did operate, it would have to have done so c. August, 1922 - March, 1937....The letters to Smith clearly reveal that HPL recognized Smith's superiority in handling certain fantastic and cosmic-astronomic themes in verse that Lovecraft was attempting to treat in prose (see in particular letters 95, 109, 110, 112, 116, 123, and especially the last paragraph of #115)....

[An examination of my Clark Ashton Smith Chronology in this issue, with a comparison with Lovecraft's literary chronology (he began serious fiction writing in 1919)] Since Smith did not commence writing extended prose fictions in any quantity until 1929, the period of greatest influence should have been c. August, 1922 - December, 1929, when Smith could have studied HPL's style and fiction techniques at his leisure; this would clearly have been reflected in the writing of 1929-1938. But Smith wrote few tales obviously patterned after Lovecraft's, apart from a small handful in almost a hundred (such as THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER and HUNTERS FROM BEYOND). As the Chronology states, Smith's extended prose fictions grew quite obviously out of his earlier poems in verse and in prose c. 1911-1922, sans any cognizance of HPL and his work. A few examples:

THE PLANET OF THE DEAD (pre-1932), derived both to plot-germ and to phraseology from the prose-poem From the Crypts of Memory, first published in BOHEMIA, 4/17.

THE DEMON OF THE FLOWER, composed 10/31, derives from the prose-poem The Flower Devil, composed before 9/29/20.

THE WHITE SYBIL, written 7/32, owes something to the prose pastel The Muse of Hyperborea, composed 12/22/29.

Smith had formed his prose style in his first serious prose, the prose-poems of 1915-1921, included in EBONY AND CRYSTAL; i.e. before 1922 when he first read a tale by HPL. And since the style and the imagination of Smith's prose-poems lead very logically and demonstrably to his later fiction...I can honestly see no place in his creative evolution whereat a Lovecraftian stylistic influence could have operated.

A better case might be made for, say, Smith's evident "stylistic inheritance" from Baudelaire (whom Smith first read and studied in June-July 1912 while staying at George Sterling's place in Carmel) for the years 1922-1929, specifically apropos Smith's later short stories.

It may be noted that Smith's tales differ for the most part quite sharply from those of Lovecraft, especially in regard to narrative structure (a perceptive observation made by Bill Blackbeard, of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, in February, 1964).

There is a strong emphasis in the work of both men on mood and atmosphere. Both derived a good deal from Poe and certain writers of the 1600s and/or 1700s. For example, one may cite Poe, William Beckford, Sir Thomas Browne, and Baudelaire as some of the principal influences on Smith's prose style. One may certainly cite Poe as possibly the greatest single influence on Lovecraft's prose style, also Lord Dunsany, Arthur Machen, and some of the leading stylists of England's Augustan Age. ((Primarily Poe, Bierce, Dunsany, and Chambers, though. JLC)). It is not surprising that there should be some resemblance between the two men, stylistically and otherwise, but I believe them to be more



of coincidence than of anything else, stemming from the fact that they were kindred spirits. Undoubtedly HPL himself would have been the first to have dismissed the idea of any serious "stylistic inheritance" from him to Smith. ((I agree, in both directions.JLC)).

I do not care to discuss this issue any further except to refer Mr. Warner to the previously cited letters in SELECTED LETTERS I, to my essay on Smith, The Sorcerer Departs, in IN MEMORIAM: CLARK ASHTON SMITH, and especially to my introductory essay, Clark Ashton Smith: Poet in Prose, in POEMS IN PROSE (Arkham, 1965). In the last cited I treat, in somewhat greater detail, the question of Smith's serious prose style. I hope Mr. Warner will find these divers materials illuminating. DONALD S. FRYER

E. HOFFMAN PRICE, Redwood City, Calif.

Thank you for MIRAGE #7. You offer a good deal of interesting and informative items. I enjoyed the entire issue.

Particularly interesting is the serial-controversy on atheists, and the support which General Shoup gives the theists. When it comes to soldiering, to commanding troops in battle, a man must be very much upper-bracket ever to attain the rank which General Shoup did. Whatever a man of his military qualifications says of tactics, or strategy, or sweating out a grim situation, deserves immediate respect. But I do think that the General slipped when he declared that atheists didn't and couldn't amount to much as fighting men. I doubt that General Shoup, or any Marine of lower rank who ever faced the Japanese in battle considered an enemy a psuh-over, or got the idea that the enemy were pretty soggy as fighting men. And -- the Japanese are predominantly Buddhists, that is, atheists. ((Wrong. Most of Japan in the period 1900-1945 was Shinto, a religion based on Emperor divinity and ancestor-worship. It includes a hereafter. It is still one of the major religions, demographically speaking, in Japan, although the Emperor worship bit has been toned down considerably. Comparatively few Japanese are true Buddhists. The Vietnamese are predominantly Buddhist -- and note that they willingly suicide by fire for the cause of their religion. Actually, it was Buddha who was the atheist; Buddhism as is practiced throughout most of Asia involves a set of gods and a hereafter or incarnation concept. Zen Buddhism, probably closest to the true Buddhism that Buddha himself taught, is the atheistic (or, at least, agnostic) sect; it is a comparative minority. Your analogy may be illustrating a truism, but you picked the wrong example. As one who's specialized in Asian history at one point in his historian's career, I must dispute your claim. JLC)).

If we accept General Shoup's dictum, I'd say that it was mighty lucky the Japanese were atheists: if they'd been Christians, it would indeed have been tough to beat them. ((The Japanese army was 9% Christian, by Japanese government estimates -- disproportionately high. And they were tough to beat....JLC)).

Best wishes and thank you again, E. HOFFMAN PRICE  
((Ed, I wonder if you have any comments, as a Weird Tales author, friend & correspondent of HPL's, and collaborator with HPL, in re: the comments of H.L. Gold? JLC))

# A NOTE ON HOTELS

A world science fiction convention is a hotel. Of course you want to get out and see the city (ours, by the way, is a new and different con city, one with a great number of new sights to see), but, basically, the hotel makes or breaks a convention.

Years ago Bob Tucker made up a plan for the ideal worldcon hotel (it's in FANCYCLOPEDIA II). We still haven't reached that point, but short of building Tucker's dream palace we've got the closest thing to it.

THE EMERSON, a convention hotel that dares not only to guarantee fan's wishes, but to guarantee them in writing for all SF fans to see.

ROOMS: About 20% larger than the average Hilton, and, we think, even more comfortable. Air-conditioned 100% of course, plus TV and the usual extras. Comfort, convenience, and space for that small party or poker game. We've reserved a block of rooms larger than the average number of rooms taken in a large con. We have 350 rooms available at the Emerson -- at low, low Emerson prices. The largest con to date, Chicon II (1952), with 1000 attendees, used 308 rooms, so the Emerson's plenty big enough.

But just in case you want to bring your relatives, we'll also reserve a block of rooms in the Lord Baltimore hotel next door (same management, same prices and services).

Free hotel parking, of course.

We have the entire hotel -- no other cons or meetings of unfannish repute, no Sigma Fraps. It's all yours.

Private room parties are not only O.K., they're O.K. to all hours. Ditto sponsored parties. And no angry commuter next door to yell to the management for quiet -- your next door will be fans who, chances are, will be at your party.

We have giant special rooms, one each for the art show and retail. Right there on the same floor with the relaxing, spacious lounge, and meeting room. We also have a large room for those smaller cons within cons -- First Fandom, Hyborean Legion, etc.

The grand ballroom holds over 1000.

The hotel bars (plural) sell all sorts of weird drinks for adventurous fans -- at lower Baltimore liquor prices (the price on fifths is even lower). A gala final party Monday night will be in the famed Hawaiian Room, with its Polynesian atmosphere. (Any other time Polynesian food -- all you can eat -- for lower than possible prices...plus Hawaiian hula girls and band in a "center stage" arrangement. And the Polynesian bar's Skullduggery will rival the nuclear fizz for fannish popularity). The speedy elevators will become somewhat of a fannish legend (but you've got to see them in operation to believe them). Two other restaurants in the hotel serve famous Maryland seafood & specialties. AT THE TRICON, SAY BALTICON --

SAY  
**BALTIMORE IN 1967!**

FOR THE FINEST CONVENTION POSSIBLE TO HOLD....

# The ANTHEM Series

PROUDLY ANNOUNCES ITS NEWEST & FINEST CHAPBOOK: THE

## INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FANTASY PUBLISHERS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY MARK OWINGS AND JACK L. CHALKER.

Here it is! The perfect reference tool to put beside the Ruck Handbook, Cole Anthology Checklist, Day and MIT Magazine Indexes -- THE INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FANTASY PUBLISHERS, a bibliography of all of science fiction's legendary specialty houses.

PUBLISHERS -- Advent/Anthem/Arkham House/ASFO Press/Avalon Company (NJ)/ Buffalo Book Co/ Carcosa House/ Chaimberlain Press/ Walter R. Cole/The Council of Four/ Fantasy Press/ F.P.C.I./FFF/ Gnome Press/Gorgon Press/Grandon: Publishers/Donald M. Grant/ Griffin/ Hadley/ Hyman Kaner/ Kenneth J. Krueger/ Merlin Press/ Milwaukee Fictioneers/ The N3F/ The New Collector's Group/New Era/ Prime Press/ Shasta/ Shroud/ Roy Squires & Clyde Beck/ Trevor Hall/ Visionary Press.... Plus a section on the "Almost Rans" -- books or even publishers announced as coming but which never arrived (some are legendary and believed to exist by many).

BIBLIOGRAPHY -- each publisher is listed alphabetically. Then every book he's ever published through December, 1965, is listed chronologically -- in the order in which published. Under each title, you'll find: author/publisher/place & date of publication/pagination/ contents/ illustrator(s)/ cover illustrators/ variant editions/ # of copies produced/ author of introduction, etc. A cross-index (alphabetically) is also included.

The book runs 126 pages, 8½ X 11 inches. It is designed not to sit on a shelf gathering dust, but to be USED -- and use it you will -- extensively.

Almost half of the 500 copy edition has already been sold. We advise you to order your copy now -- it will be years before we get around to revising and rerunning. Supplements will appear in MIRAGE, so you'll always be up to date.

PRICE: \$5.00, paper.

STILL AVAILABLE! MIRAGE ON LOVECRAFT -- 2nd (and final) edition.

Some copies still available of this fast seller; a valuable study in fantasy/weird criticism & technique. Does HPL practice what he preaches? The Autobiography (annotated), plus 2 critical articles by Lovecraft, the Keller attack first published in MIRAGE, and the Derleth MIRAGE rebuttal, plus editorial comments & various quotations from anti-Lovecraftians.... Paper only, \$2.50.

THE ANTHEM SERIES

MARK S. OWINGS, 3731 Elkader Rd., Balto.,  
Maryland, 21218.